THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FEBRUARY, 1809.

CONTAINING

Portrait of Dungannon........*Page* 211
Disputes between Gentlemen, on Points of Honour, &c. &c. 212
Court-Martial on Lieut. Robertson..214
A Horse Cause 215
Duelling in Ireland 216
Bettings for the Derby, Oaks', and Oatlands' 216
Account of a Male and Female Elephant, at Paris 217
Medical Affair of Honour..........220
Games in Ireland 220
Favourite Divertissements in Spain..221
Alphabetical List of the Winning Horses in 1808 222
Prize Fighting—J. Belcher and Crib 228
T. Belcher and Farnborough..230
Extracts from the Comedy of Man and Wife 231
Public Table Conversation at Bath..236
On the Personal Courage of the English 239
Portrait of Dick the Huntsman 240
Backsword Playing 241
Interesting Additions to the Natural History of the Hen-Harrier....241
Winners of Royal Plates at Newmarket 244
Malton Coursing Meeting 248
Letters on Foxhunting Districts 249
Foxhounds 249
FEAST OF WIT..............*Page* 251
Wrestling for a Wife..............254
The Defiance Club 254
Lord Ranelagh *versus* Smith 255
A Duel 256
Duel prevented in Ireland 256
Magistrates fighting a Duel......256
Fatal Duel in Surrey............256
Lieutenant-Colonel Wheatley and the Constable 257
New Post-horse Act 258
Description of the interior Parts of Guinea 258
Fable of Isengrin, the Wolf 259
Turkish Justice upon a Horse-stealer 260
York Cockings 260
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE 261

POETRY.

Lines on seeing Master Oscar Byrne's admirable Performance of the *Chimpanzee*, in De la Perouse ..265
The Delights of a Rural Life 265
The Parson and the Nose..........266
The Elderly Gentleman 266
Prologue to the Comedy of Man and Wife 267
Epilogue to the same.............267
Sudbury Cottage, near Harrow 268
Epitaph on an Epicure............268
RACING CALENDAR 49

Embellished with—I, A Portrait of Dungannon, bred by Colonel O'Kelly.
II, Dick the Huntsman, an Engraving.

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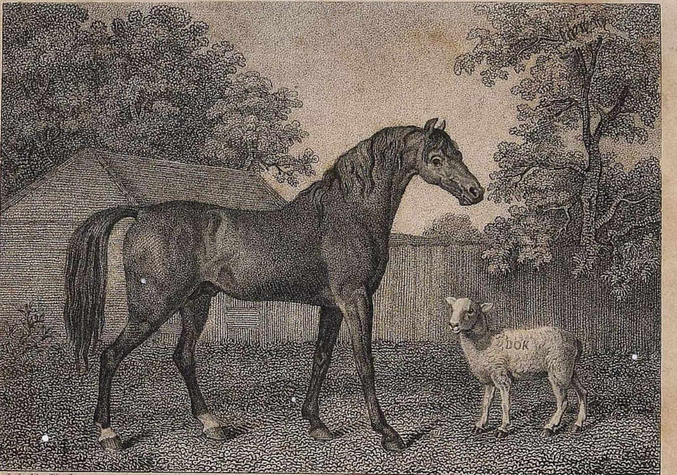
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR Oxford Correspondent is informed, that we this month procured from a Gentleman an original account of the subject he mentions, and shall endeavour to do the same whenever such occurs in future.

The repetition of the Song upon the *Quorndon Hunt*, is an impeachment both of our memory and attention.—The only reparation that can be made, is to avoid such *doubles* in future.

A Correspondent writes as follows:—" Pray can you inform me of any Treatise published on the management of a Pack of Harriers, both in the kennel and field, and where I am likely to meet with it? I think a Mr. Beckford has written upon the subject."——*Answer.* Mr. Beckford has certainly written on Hunting, but we believe he did not take Harriers into his consideration, thinking Hare-Hunting a sport beneath the dignity of a staunch Fox-Hunter.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



G. Stubbs Pinx.t

W. Nicholls sculp.t

DUNGANNON.

Pub.d Mar. 1, 1809, by James Cundee, London.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR FEBRUARY, 1809.

PORTRAIT OF DUNGANNON,

The Sire of many famous Horses; got by Eclipse, foaled in 1780, and bred by Colonel O'Kelly.

THE exploits of this celebrated racer are still fresh in the memory of all frequenters of the turf; and that his figure may survive with his fame, we have given a most spirited resemblance of the original, which, we trust, will be highly gratifying to the encouragers of our monthly register of manly sports.

It will, no doubt, appear singular to our readers, that a race-horse like Dungannon should be seen companion to a sheep; but as a tale attaches to the coalescence, we believe, upon recital, the singularity of the scene will instantly remove.

As a drover was on his way with a flock of sheep for Smithfield market, one of them became so lame and sore-footed, that it could travel no further. The man, wishing to get rid of the impediment, took up the distressed animal, and dropped it over the pales of a paddock belonging to Mr. O'Kelly, (where the race-horse was then grazing) and pursued his journey, intending to call for the sheep upon his return to the farmer who had employed him, believing the creature, after a little rest, would quickly recover, which was the case, and an attachment between the two rangers of the little space presently took place, almost to surpass probability. It is related by evidence indisputable, that such was the affection of Dungannon for the sheep, that besides sporting with it in various ways, he would sometimes bite it by the neck with great tenderness, and lift it into the crib where the groom deposited his fodder, as much as to say, though you are not able to reach it, I will help you to the banquet. Besides this, the horse would on all occasions defend his new friend, and suffered no one to offer him the least molestation.

Mr. O'Kelly being made acquainted with these circumstances, resolved to make the sheep his own, bought him of the farmer, and marked the wool with his own initials, D. O'K. and left the two friends in peaceable possession of the paddock and its adjoining shelter.

Mr. Stubbs being acquainted with these facts when he requested to paint Dungannon, also introduced the portrait of the sheep, as a lasting memento of the unusual affection that subsisted between two creatures, so dissimilar in appearances, and so opposite in their pursuits.

DISPUTES
BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,
On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

DUKE OF YORK AND COL. WARDLE.

THE public mind has been much agitated, during the present month, by a momentous enquiry, instituted by Mr. Wardle, Member of Parliament for Oakhampton, into the presumed springs of action by which promotions in the army were (according to the statements of some) attained by indirect and disreputable means.

There has been an unusual degree of astonishment affected on this occasion, even by those who have not been highly proverbial for their individual purity on other occasions; — and this propensity forms no inconsiderable test of the common meanness of human nature, which fastens its fangs on all those who are the victims of momentary prejudice: they are hounds that hunt with the powerful, and never stop to make a compromise with reason or mercy.

Without entering the lists as an advocate for the Duke of York, let us pause, and take a retrospective view of those who have been antecedently situated, like his Royal Highness, in the centre and plenitude of patronage. In the reign of *Louis Quinze,* who was surnamed in France "the well-beloved," from the urbanity and tenderness of his disposition, the late Madame Du Barré, who was his *chere amie,* disposed of offices of trust and honour, and the world was not agonised with amazement, that the mistress of a Prince should haply become the organ of his bounty!—When William Duke of Cumberland, the uncle to our Sovereign, was held in the rosy chains of Kitty Fisher, it was notorious, at that period, that she disposed of military preferments under his auspices, yet no public convulsion was excited on the occasion!—When George the Second honoured the late Countess of Yarmouth with his protection, it is recorded, that she received pecuniary acknowledgments even for Peerages, bestowed during that reign: yet that breach of propriety did not arrest the course of human events so far, that all ranks and degrees should halt from the busy pursuits of life, to regard the favours bestowed by a courtesan as a phenomenon in mortal agency!

Yet, after all this factitious bustle and artificial wonder, a claimant for military promotion, and a candidate for a coronet, may be as brave and as magnificent, although introduced by the fair hand of venal beauty, as those who may have been indebted for their elevation to the more legitimate course of official recommendation.

That a reformation may be necessary, not only in parliamentary representation but in public morals, is truly admissible; but why the Duke of York is to be the exclusive example, remains to be discussed. Much has been urged about the advancement of Samuel Carter, because he had been situated as a domestic with Mrs. Clarke: yet, until it can be proved that he has dishonoured the appointment we cannot be induced to admit, that no man is fitted to become an officer who has not been previously strained through the alembic of pride. The greater part of the existing Marshals of France were raised from situations of humility; yet who has superseded them in glory? and as Russia and Austria have recently issued imitative

tive ordinances, declaring the eligibility of all honest men to hold rank in their armies, which heretofore was engrossed by the Nobles, we must avow, that we deem such an investment, at such a crisis, not only just, but necessary.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise:
"Act well your part—there all the merit lies."

If the promotion of this young man formed alone "the head and front of his offending," he might repose with security in the chair of his great office, and smile at the stormy progress of his adversaries.

Events have occurred in this chequered examination, which have not been altogether reconciled to the national expectation, though unquestionably they were correct and proper; viz. Captain Dodd was not called upon to explain, whether he had or had not been tampering with Mrs. Clarke, relative to the Duke of York's epistles.—Secondly, that although Captain Sandon was committed to the custody of the Serjeant at Arms for prevarication, General Clavering, and that amiable artist, Mr. Town, were left in perfect freedom.—And thirdly, that his Royal Highness has been more deeply injured (assuredly without intention) by his ostensible friends, than by his ostensible foes!

The result that both parties have in contemplation is pretty notorious, and the only thing in which they seem to differ is in their mode of assault.—The partisans of the opposition are labouring to drive the Duke from his post by battery in the open field, while the principals lurk behind the hedges to encourage the attack, without becoming responsible for the wounds. The partisans of the Ministry are working by a different process, for while some are soothing him with a show of amity, the more skilful agents are mining unseen!—If there is really an honest disposition to correct public abuses, we hope and trust that the broom of reform will not be confined to the presumed errors of an impassioned Prince, but go through the Augean stable.

W.

Although a very sharp race has been run in the House of Commons, yet, as it is not a sporting subject, we shall touch no further on it than to give the two letters of the Duke of York to Mrs. Clarke. They are genuine, being copied from the minutes.

"*August* 4, 1805.

"How can I sufficiently express to my sweetest, my darling love, the delight which her dear, her pretty letter gave me, or how much I feel all the kind things she says to me in it! Millions and millions of thanks for it, my Angel! and be assured that my heart is fully sensible of your affection, and that upon it alone its whole happiness depends.

"I am, however, quite hurt that my love did not go to the Lewes Races; how kind of her to think of me upon the occasion; but I trust that she knows me too well not to be convinced that I cannot bear the idea of adding to those sacrifices which I am but too sensible that she has made to me.

"News, my Angel cannot expect from me from hence; though the life led here, at least in the family I am in, is very hurrying, there is a sameness in it which affords but little subject for a letter; except Lord Chesterfield's family, there

there is not a single person except ourselves that I know.

"Last night we were at the Play, which went off better than the first night. Dr. O'Meara called upon me yesterday morning, and delivered me your letter; he wishes much to preach before Royalty, and if I can put him in the way of it I will. What a time it appears to me already, my darling, since we parted; how impatiently I look forward to next Wednesday se'n-night. God bless you, my own dear, dear love! I shall miss the post if I add more. Oh, believe me, ever, to my last hour, yours and yours alone!"

Addressed, Mrs. Clarke, to be left at the Post Office, Worthing.—Indorsed, Dr. O'Meara.

"*Sandgate, August* 24, 1804."

"How can I sufficiently express to my darling love, my thanks for her dear, dear letter, or the delight which the assurances of her love give me? Oh! my angel! do me justice, and be convinced that there never was a woman adored as you are. Every day, every hour convinces me more and more, that my whole happiness depends upon you alone. What a time it appears to be since we parted, and with what impatience do I look forward to the day after to-morrow; there are still, however, two whole nights before I shall clasp my darling in my arms!

"How happy am I to learn that you are better; I still, however, will not give up my hopes of the cause of your feeling uncomfortable. Clavering is mistaken, my angel, in thinking that any new regiments are to be raised, it is not intended, only second battalions to the existing corps; you had better, therefore, tell him so, and that you were sure that there would be no use in applying for them. Ten thousand thanks, my love, for the handkerchiefs, which are delightful, and I need not, I trust, assure you of the pleasure I feel in wearing them, and thinking of the dear hands who made them for me.

"Nothing could be more satisfactory than the tour I have made, and the state in which I have found every thing. The whole of the day before yesterday was employed in visiting the works at Dover; reviewing the troops there, and examining the coast as far as this place. From Folkstone I had a very good view of those of the French camp.—Yesterday I first reviewed the camp here, and afterwards the 14th Light Dragoons, who are certainly in very fine order; and from thence proceeded to Brabourne Lees, to see four regiments of Militia, which altogether took me up near thirteen hours. I am now setting off immediately to ride along the coast to Hastings, reviewing the different corps as I pass, which will take me at least as long. — Adieu, therefore, my sweetest, dearest Love, till the day after to-morrow, and be assured that to my last hour I shall ever remain yours, and yours alone."

Addressed, George Farquhar, Esq. No. 18, Gloucester-place. Folkstone, (79).—Indorsed, G. Clavering," &c.

COURT-MARTIAL ON LIEUTENANT ROBERTSON.

GENERAL ORDERS.

AT a General Court-Martial, held at Canterbury, on the 29th December, 1808, and continued by

by adjournments to the 6th January, 1809, Lieutenant and Paymaster Robert Robertson of the Royal Pembroke Militia was arraigned upon the undermentioned charges, viz.

"1st. For conduct unbecoming an Officer, and highly subversive of good order and military discipline, in writing at various times between the 13th of October last and the 13th of December instant, insolent and disrespectful letters to Major Herries, his Commanding Officer, notwithstanding he, Major Herries, had accepted an apology for a similar and disrespectful letter, dated 22d August last, as well as disrespectful conduct on the 24th of August last, when at muster.

"2d. For absenting himself at various times from the Regiment without leave, between the 1st September last, and the 13th December instant, being highly prejudicial to good order and military discipline.

"3d. For preventing his servant Henry Perry, a private in the Regiment, attending at an inspection of clothing on the 8th inst. in defiance of the order of his Commanding Officer of the 7th inst. and for not complying with the Regimental Order of the 8th instant, by which he was required to send in every morning a Report of the State of the Barracks at Fort Sutherland, which he was then in charge of, being highly prejudicial to good order and military discipline."

Upon which charges the Court found the prisoner *Guilty*, and adjudged him to be *most publicly and most severely reprimanded in General Orders*, by the insertion of this sentence in the said Orders, at such time as his Majesty may be graciously pleased to direct the same to be carried into effect.

His Majesty has been pleased to confirm the sentence of the Court, and to direct that the same may be carried into effect.

His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief directs, that the foregoing charges, together with the sentence of the Court and his Majesty's pleasure thereon, shall be read at the head of every Regiment, and entered in the Orderly Books of every Corps.

(Signed) HARRY CALVERT,
Adj. Gen.

Horse Guards, Feb. 16, 1809.

A HORSE CAUSE.

Tried in the Court of Common Pleas, in the Sittings after Term.

Williams *v.* Britton.

THIS was an action to recover 15l. for a horse killed by the negligence of the defendant.

The defendant is a coach-maker, in the neighbourhood of Cavendish-square, and was returning with a companion in a one-horse chaise, from Edmonton Fair, in September last. On the Lower-road, Islington, he drove against a horse rode by a boy, the plaintiff's servant. The shock was so violent, that one of the men in the chaise was thrown out, and the shaft entered eight inches in the flank of the plaintiff's horse, which died in consequence. The boy also received a severe wound on his leg, which occasioned his death. It did not appear that the defendant was intoxicated, or that he was driving very fast; and it was contended that he was not answerable for the accident. The jury, however, found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, 15l.

DUEL-

DUELLING IN IRELAND.

MAYNARD Blake, Esq. who has been found guilty upon a criminal information of having, in the month of April last, used many opprobrious epithets at Eyrecourt, in the county of Galway, against Colonel Browne, with intent to provoke him to commit a breach of the peace, and to incite him to fight a duel, appeared in the custody of the High Sheriff of the City of Dublin, in the Court of King's Bench, Dublin, on Monday the 13th instant, and after receiving a manly and wholesome admonition from the Hon. Mr. Justice Day, in which he took occasion to commend, in the highest and strongest terms, the conduct of Col. Browne, sentenced Mr. Blake to be imprisoned six months, to pay a fine, and to find security to keep the peace for seven years, himself in the sum of 1000l. and two sureties in 200l. each.

BETTINGS
FOR THE
DERBY, OAKS', AND OATLANDS'.

THE following is a statement of the bettings for the above Stakes at Tattersall's, on Monday, the 27th instant.

DERBY.

11 to 2 agst Mr. Wilson's Sorcerer colt.
8 to 1 agst Brother to Elinver.
9 to 1 agst Duke of Grafton's Waxy colt.
12 to 1 agst Mango.
12 to 1 agst Cock Robin.
13 to 1 agst Levant.
15 to 1 agst Timeloser.
20 to 1 agst Mr. Fuller's Worthy colt.
20 to 1 agst Mr. Lake's Gohanna colt.

OAKS'.

5 to 1 agst Spindle.
8 to 1 agst Dee-Nymph.
9 to 1 agst Peppermint filly.
9 to 1 agst Britannia.
12 to 1 agst Mary Gray, by Stamford.
12 to 1 agst Zorayda.
15 to 1 agst Sir J. Shelley's filly.
18 to 1 agst naming the winners of Derby and Oaks'.

FIRST CLASS OF THE OATLANDS'.

9 to 2 agst David.
6 to 1 agst Musician.
8 to 1 agst Election.
8 to 1 agst Bacchanal.
10 to 1 agst Master Jackey.
10 to 1 agst Lauretta.
10 to 1 agst Nymphina.
15 to 1 agst Miss Doubtful.

SECOND CLASS.

9 to 2 agst Cerberus.
5 to 1 agst Meteora.
7 to 1 agst Weaver.
8 to 1 agst Thorn.
8 to 1 agst Ferdinand.
8 to 1 agst Streatlam-Lass.
8 to 1 agst Brighton-Lass.
8 to 1 agst Zoroaster.
10 to 1 agst Grimaldi.

THIRD CLASS.

9 to 2 agst Zodiac.
7 to 1 agst Cassio.
7 to 1 agst Sunbeam.
8 to 1 agst L'Huile de Venus.
9 to 1 agst Agnes, by Sorcerer.
9 to 1 agst Trimbush.
10 to 1 agst Miss Sophia.

Ambrosio was sold this day, for 245gs. to Lord Oxford.

ACCOUNT

AN ACCOUNT
OF A
MALE AND FEMALE ELEPHANT,

Kept in the Menagerie of the Garden of Plants, at Paris.

BY SONNINI.

IT is not only in the mild temperature of luxurious Asia, that man is proud of holding in dependence the largest, as well as the most intelligent of animals. European princes have sought to imitate, in some degree, this Asiatic luxury, and have had transported, from time to time, at a great expence, elephants, to be kept in their menageries, where they necessarily lose a part of their faculties, as well from the difference of climate, as from the small and confined space in proportion to their bulk, which is necessarily allotted to them. Whatever degradation, however, results from servitude and constraint; whatever alterations may be produced, not only in the native disposition, but in the external formation, by a less serene sky, and by a less heated atmosphere, yet, even in these expatriated elephants, may be found the same qualities as distinguish them when living in a state of liberty, or rather in a state of voluntary domesticity, in their natal country. I have thought, therefore, that it would not be uninteresting to give a detail of the observations which have been hitherto made upon the two elephants which have been brought up in the menagerie of the Garden of Plants at Paris. For the greater part of them, indeed, I am indebted to Delaunay, to whom natural history, in general, is under great obligations, both for the assiduity with which he collects facts, and the willingness with which he communicates them.

The two elephants, male and female, which are now at Paris, are, it is said, originally from Ceylon; they are about seventeen years old, and they were not above two when they arrived in Holland for the menagerie of the Stadtholder. Their size was then about that of an ordinary horse, and from that period they have continued gradually to increase.

It was not a small difficulty, to convey these two enormous masses from Loo to Paris. They tried many cages for the purpose; the first, constructed too weak in the joints, was soon broken by the elephants; and they had a great deal of trouble to make them enter a second; nor was it, till after having habituated them to take their food in it, that they succeeded in inclosing each of them in separate apartments. At first, they made incredible efforts to break down the partition; but having found that their endeavours were vain, they became resigned, and remained tranquil during the rest of the journey, which lasted for seven months.

Being detained five months at Cambray, on account of the destruction of the roads, they lost their tusks in some violent efforts which they made from being imprudently provoked. These tusks were not above six inches in length; and there is every appearance that they will breed new ones as they advance in age.

The two moveable prisons in which these elephants arrived, are preserved in the menagerie at Paris. While we contemplate the solidity of their construction, we may judge of the constraint which these animals must have endured during so long

long a journey. Not being able to enjoy any progressive motion, they contracted a habit of balancing themselves, but each in a different manner.—The male, for example, advancing one of the front feet, and drawing back one of the hind ones, on the opposite side, gave to his body a slow oscillation backwards and forwards; the female was content with lifting her head up and down briskly.

They have a great deal of flexibility and suppleness in the articulation of their joints; they easily bend, and frequently lie and wallow about.—The female usually sleeps in a recumbent posture, but only during the night. The male does not lie down so often, and it has been observed, that neither of them repose if they are agitated by any inquietude; their sleep is not very profound, and they spring up quickly at the least noise which they hear; so much do they fear to be surprised, and to be unable to employ all their strength in case of danger. This restless inquietude never forsakes them. It was with the greatest difficulty that they could be induced to enter the small inclosure prepared for them at the end of their stable, for the purpose of enjoying the open air: but this inclosure is in fact too confined for animals of so vast a bulk. The female, less cautious, or more curious, first resolved to quit the stable; but it was not till after much hesitation and many precautions. The male, more mistrustful, remained a long time without daring to follow the female; but after having examined their new inclosure, and being convinced there was no danger, they began to run about, and to utter cries expressive of their contentment. At first they shut the door of the stable, in order to force them to remain in their sort of park; but the male, who perceived it, grew angry, and he would have shattered the door in a thousand pieces, if they had not quickly opened it—he then entered the stable, and would not quit it any more till the next day. When the two elephants have been a long time confined, on account of the rain or cold weather, they shew a great deal of pleasure at the recovery of a shadow of liberty. This pleasure they express by leaps, cries, peculiar motions of their trunks, trotting, &c. Often the female approaches towards the male, puts her trunk in his ear, and seems to whisper—sometimes, also, she utters a shrill and piercing cry. Their first care, when they enter the little park, is to run to a trough which is kept full of water; they suck in the water, and fill their trunks with it, and they spurt it out over each other's body. When the ground is saturated with the water thus thrown about, they roll themselves on it; and this habit is a proof how much a pond, in which they could bathe and wash themselves, would be agreeable.—Both in the park and in the stable, they often throw hay and even dung to their bodies. When in the park, they often make a noise with their feet—they collect the earth together, and often carry it in their mouths, and sometimes scatter it over themselves till they are quite dirty and dusty. Sometimes they throw or blow it at the spectators, or at the centinel, and even at their *cornak*, (the groom which attends them.) This is sometimes meant as sport, and sometimes as a sign of impatience and anger.

These animals are particularly fond of breaking whatever is within their reach: it is an exercise of their

their strength which seems to give great pleasure. If they succeed so far as to bend whatever they wish to break, they never cease till they have accomplished it; but if their first efforts are not successful, they never renew the attempt.

Though voracious eaters, they are, notwithstanding, difficult and fastidious in their choice of food. They separate their hay with a great deal of care; they prefer grass, and they look for and reject the small plants and the leaves which they find mixed with it. They have been seen this year to separate with great attention the leaves of a plaintain, which, the preceding year, they did not refuse to eat. I am astonished that, notwithstanding the knowledge we have of the manner in which wild elephants nourish themselves, they do not offer to those of the menagerie branches of trees, and even the whole of young trees, which they would like to break and eat.

Though not possessing many opportunities for developing that intelligence which renders this species of animal so interesting, yet these elephants, notwithstanding the constraint in which they constantly lived, gave many instances of sensibility, of reflection, and a sort of combination.

Separated from each other during a long and tedious journey, the moment they met again was to them a moment of great joy, and to the observer of nature, a curious event. When the female entered the stable which was prepared for her, and which was divided into two compartments, communicating with each other by a door, she uttered first of all a cry expressive of her joy in being at liberty: she did not perceive the male, who was already in the compartment, occupied in eating. Neither did he think that his companion was so near him; but the *cornak* having called him, he turned round, and immediately these two animals ran towards each other, and began to utter cries of joy so lively and so loud, that the whole place shook: at the same time they made a sort of noise with their trunks, which resembled a strong wind. The joy of the female was the most impetuous, and she expressed it particularly by a quick flapping of her ears, which she moved like the wings of a bird, and with an extreme celerity. She moved her trunk over the body of the male with tenderness and delight; she directed it particularly towards his ear, where she held it some time; often, too, after having passed it over the whole body of the male, she brought it towards her own mouth. The male also passed his trunk over her body: but his joy was more concentrated, and he seemed to express it by tears, which flowed in abundance from his eyes.

One of the naturalists belonging to the Museum of Natural History, wished one day to draw the elephants. He was introduced into one of the compartments; but his presence, from some motive or other, displeased the animals. Hardly had the artist begun his labours, when the male, without being perceived, took out the peg with his trunk, which kept the door fast, and opened it. He was preparing to inflict vengeance on his victim, if the female, who luckily heard the noise, had not turned round, and placed herself suddenly across the door to prevent the male from coming out; she drove him to the other side, and, with a blow of the nose, in a contrary direction to that given by the male, she closed the door

door again; all which afforded time and opportunity for the artist to escape. It is affirmed, that, on this occasion, the physiognomy of the two animals assumed quite a different appearance; and it is impossible to deny, that their conduct was the result of a prompt, just, and opposite combination.

A private centinel, who was faithful to his trust, when it was his turn to guard the elephants, forbade visitors to give them any thing to eat. Such conduct was not calculated to gain their love: the female, in particular, viewed it with offence, and she had already given proofs of her disgust by sprinkling his head with her trunk. But still the soldier was strict to his duty: and one day, when there was a great number of spectators, he received first of all some water on his head; but, continuing to forbid any bread, &c. to be given to them, the female, irritated, seized his musket, turned it round with her trunk, threw it to her feet, and did not quit it till she had twisted it like a gun-worm.

These elephants appeared very sensible of music, at a concert, which was given to them by the performers of the Opera. The female, in particular, more susceptible, seemed to balance herself in cadence, and to mark the measure.

MEDICAL AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

A Pair of M. D.'s quarrelled so seriously, a few days since, about a *patient's* case, as rashly to proceed to the last extremity, by one of them *prescribing* a *dose* of powder and ball to be *administered* by each to the other, and his opponent, equally desperate, sanctioning this deadly prescription with his "*probatum est!*" Both prepared themselves for the awful meeting by *diuretics, anti-sudorifics,* &c. *quant. suff.* but the evening before the intended rendezvous, Dr. B. wrote a note to his antagonist, informing him, That although both might be well prepared, *bodily*, for the mortal conflict, they had each a precious *immaterial part* within them, that stood in need of a *spiritual emollient*, as a preparatory to its departure for another world: and therefore he humbly proposed that their mutual friend, the Rev. Mr.——, might be *called in as physician-general* to their souls, in a time of so much need."—This being readily acceded to, the Rev. Gentleman was no sooner made acquainted with the nature of their *nervous complaint*, than he prudently imparted it to their respective *wives*, and by thus clapping a sharp *blister* on each of their backs, he effectually cured them both of their *sanguinary disorder!*

CATHU CLOGH,

AND

DANCING FOR THE CAKE IN IRELAND.

From Miss Owenson's Patriotic Sketches.

IT is generally the practice after dinner, for both sexes of all ages to adjourn to the fields, to witness a hurling match, or some of those manly sports to which the lower Irish are so passionately addicted. One of them, the *Cathu Clogh*, or "flinging of the stone," is precisely the same with the ancient Greek pastime of the *discus*. The candidate who pants for the fame of those

"Virtues

"Virtues that are placed in nerve and bone,"

Takes a stone of immense weight in his right hand, inclines his body a little forward, advances one leg, poises his arm, and after two or three balancing motions, flings it from him to a considerable distance. These national amusements are not confined to the peasantry; the young gentlemen of the adjoining counties frequently engage in them.

Although the fare of Sunday seldom arises beyond the accustomed potatoes and milk of the rest of the week, some few halfpence are always spared from the household purse, to purchase the pleasures which the Sunday cake bestows.—In the centre of a field, near some *petit auberge*, a distaff is fixed in the earth, on which is placed a flat cake: this cake is the signal of pleasure, and becomes the reward of talent. The young and old of both sexes, for miles round the neighbourhood, hasten to enjoy the pleasures of the cake, which is carried off by the best dancer, and sometimes by the archest wag of the company. At a little distance from this standard of revelry is placed its chief agent, the piper, who is always seated on the ground, with a hole dug near him, into which the contributions of the assembly are dropped, attended with a little gallantry, not to be passed over in silence. At the end of every jig, the piper is paid by the young man who dances it, and who endeavours to enhance the value of the gift, by first bestowing it on his fair partner; and though a penny jig is esteemed very good pay, yet the gallantry or ostentation of the contributor, anxious at once to appear generous in the eyes of his mistress, or outstep the liberality of his rivals, sometimes trebles the sum which the piper usually receives.

I have been at some of these cakes, and have invariably observed the inordinate passion for dancing so prevalent among the Irish peasants. It is, indeed, very rare, to find an individual among them, who has not been some time under the tuition of a dancing-master. Thus passes away the sabbath of an Irish peasant: the first hours of the day are devoted to religion; the rest to the enjoyment of such pleasures as lie within the limited scope of his acquisition. Sometimes led by the light of nature, sometimes restrained by the shades of prejudice, alternately governed by truth and error, his conduct is only to be judged by the circumstances under which he is reared.

FAVOURITE DIVERTISSEMENTS IN SPAIN.

THE theatres of this country, since the landing of the English, have, among other dramas, called Mysteries, frequently represented one entitled *Las Profecias des Daniel.* No subject can be better adapted than this, for combining a splendid variety of pageantry in one oratorio, or sacred opera. The jubilee of adoration to the Golden Colossus of Bel, the flaming *Auto-da-fe* for the refractory holy children; the voluptuous dance exhibited during the meal of Belshazzar; the sacrilegious use of the chalices of Jerusalem; the sudden wrath of Heaven; the gloom of the thunder; the shadowy handwriting on the wall, in characters of lurid fire; and the armed irruption of the besiegers to renew a scene of purer triumph; all these form

form a series of picturesque magnificence, which, says our correspondent, you would enjoy to see some Sunday evening, at Drury-lane. The popularity of this play may be ascribed to the continual allusions of the Spanish patriotic writers, to the seizure and supposed profanation of sacramental vessels by the French.

Another new and very singular drama opens with Bonaparte, who soliloquises about Spain. Allegorical demons stand watching around, and when he has confessed the whole atrocity of his purposes, they seize and carry him off in a fiery car to the place of torment. Next appears Ferdinand VII.: a ballet of angels listen to his promises of virtuous sway, and crown him during the dance with wreaths of victory. Finally appears King George the Third, who declares his horror for the tyrant, his affection for the virtuous and native monarch; and who is entertained by St. Jago and the Virgin Mary, or by figures representing the genius of Spain, and that of Christianity, with a performance in full chorus of "God Save the King."

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c. IN 1808.

Continued from Page 164.

Years old. BY GOHANNA. *No. of Prizes.*

4 BAY Colt, (Brother to Hedley) Lord Egremont's, 50l. at Winchester 1

2 Bay Colt, (out of a Sister to Horns) Lord Stawell's, 50gs. at Newmarket 1

3 Bay Filly, (out of Humming-Bird) Lord Egremont's, 50gs. at Ascot 1

4 Brighton, Mr. Fermor's, 400gs. at Newmarket. 1

3 Brighton-Lass, Lord Egremont's, 225gs. at Brighton; Lord Stawell's, 50l. at Egham. 2

5 Canopus, Lord Egremont's, twice 50l. at Newmarket; 100gs. at Ascot; 155gs. and 100gs. at Bibury; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 30gs. in specie, at Egham 6

6 Cardinal Beaufort, General Gower's, 350gs. at Newmarket; and 100gs. at Brighton 2

2 Castanea, Lord Egremont's, 240gs. at Egham 1

6 Cerberus, Mr. Fermor's, 100gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket; and 600gs. at Brighton 3

3 Cestrian, Mr. Egerton's, 100gs. at Chester. 1

3 Crim. Con. Mr. Goddard's, 250gs. at Newmarket 1

4 Election, Lord Egremont's, 60gs. at Goodwood; 150gs. at Ascot; the King's Plate and 60gs. at Lewes; the King's Plate, and the October Oatlands' Stakes of 215gs. at Newmarket 6

5 Harpocrates, (late Trafalgar) Lord Lowther's, 500gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Shakespear's, 25gs. and twice 100gs. at Newmarket. 5

5 Hedley,

Years old. *No. of Prizes.*

5 Hedley, Mr. Batson's, twice 100gs. at Newmarket. 2

4 Lewes, Mr. Trevanion's, 50gs. at Egham 1

4 Mouse, Mr. Wyndham's, 200gs. at Newmarket 1

3 Scorpion, Lord Egremont's, 175gs. at Egham; and thrice 200gs. at Newmarket. 4

BY GOUTY.

3 Bay Filly, (out of Jet) Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 100gs. at Newmarket 1

4 Nymphina, Mr. Lake's, the first Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 450gs. the Jockey-Club Plate of 50gs. 30gs. and 300gs. at Newmarket. 4

2 Silvermere, Duke of York's, 120gs. at Ascot. 1

BY GROUSE.

5 Bay Mare, Mr. Lockley's, a Silver Cup, value 50l. at Oswestry; and 170gs. at Stafford 2

4 Fawn, Lord Dunstanville's, 50l. at Bodmin 1

3 Fuscus, Mr. Lake's, 130gs. at Epsom; 20gs. at Brighton; and 50l. at Newmarket. 3

BY GUILDFORD.

3 Bay Filly, Mr. Lucas's, 100gs. and 50l. at Oxford. 2

4 Corsican, Mr. Ladbroke's, 110gs. at Ascot; the King's Plate and 50l. at Canterbury 3

3 Mary Browne, Mr. Golding's, 50l. at Huntingdon; 50l. and 10gs. at Beccles; and 100gs. at Bedford. 4

7 Woodcot, Captain Weir's, 50gs. at Tavistock 1

BY HAMBLETONIAN.

2 Bay Filly, (out of Eustatia) Mr. E. L. Hodgson's, 50gs. at York. . 1

3 Bay Filly, Mr. Price's, 50gs. at Litchfield 1

3 Bay Filly, (out of Monica) Mr. Cumming's, 50gs. at the Caledonian-Hunt 1

3 Bay Filly, (Easy) Lord Monson's, the King's Plate at Lincoln; the King's Plate and the 100l. Plate at Doncaster. 3

3 Bramble, Sir C. Turner's, 200gs. and twice 25gs. at Newmarket. . 3

4 Br. Filly, (out of Beatrice) Lord Strathmore's, 50l. at Skipton; Lord Oxford's, 60gs. at Worcester; 50l. at Hereford; and 50l. at Litchfield. 4

3 Ceres, Mr. T. Duncombe's, 140gs. at York Spring Meeting; and the Gold Cup, value 150gs. at Pontefract 2

3 Chesnut Colt, (out of Golden-Locks) Sir T. Gascoigne's, 175gs. at York August Meeting. 1

4 Chesnut Filly, (out of Golden-Locks) Sir T. Gascoigne's, 500gs. at York August Meeting. 1

3 Cousin Abraham, Sir C. Turner's, 100gs. and 150gs. at Newmarket 2

5 Dowager, Mr. Gascoigne's, 60gs. at Skipton; and 100gs. at Beverley 2

3 Gooseander, Sir S. Sitwell's, twice 100gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket; received 100gs. (being second for the Oaks' Stakes) at Epsom;

Years old. *No. of Prizes.*

Epsom; 140gs. at Stamford; 75gs. at Chesterfield; and 180gs. at Doncaster 7

4 Humbug, Mr. Hurst's, 50l. and 65gs. at Swansea.............. 2

4 Miss Blanchard, Mr. C. Smith's, 50l. at Knutsford; 50l. at Newcastle, Staffordshire; 50l. at Chesterfield; and 50l. at Walsall.. 4

3 Pam, Sir W. Gerard's, 125gs. at Catterick; 300gs. at Newcastle; 500gs. at York August Meeting; also 100gs. and 100gs. with 50l. added, at Richmond.............................. 5

5 St. Domingo, Lord Stamford's, 50gs. and a 10l. Premium at Bridgenorth; 70gs. at Ludlow; 100gs. and two Premiums of 10gs. each at Worcester; 50l. at Hereford; also 60gs. and 50l. at Walsall.. 9

5 Smuggler, Mr. Wilson's, 60gs. at Newmarket................ 1

3 Theresa, Sir M. M. Sykes's, the Produce Stakes of 1100gs. at York August Meeting; and 210gs. at Doncaster.................. 2

6 Timekeeper, Mr. Rush's, 50l. at Stockbridge; and the Silver Bowl at Salisbury.................................... 2

BY HARLEQUIN JUNIOR.

a. Columbine, Mr. Witham's, 100gs. at Durham............... 1

BY HUTTON.

6 Cliffe, Colonel Seddon's, 50gs. at Durham, and 20gs. at Newcastle 2

BY HYACINTHUS.

3 Apollo, Mr. Ackers's, 50l. at Oswestry..................... 1

4 Buckler, Mr. Day's, 50l. at Blandford...................... 1

3 Ches. Colt, (Jock) Mr. Garforth's, 160gs. at Malton; and 200gs. at York Spring Meeting................................. 2

4 Darrington-Cade, Mr. Gorwood's, 50l. at Stockton 1

4 Ranger, Mr. Nalton's, the King's Plate at York............... 1

4 Whitenose, Mr. Kirby's, 50l. at Malton; Mr. Goulburn's, 100gs. at Worcester 2

BY HYPERION.

5 Bidette, Mr. Webb's, 50l. at Totness; Captain Johnson's, a Stakes at Bodmin 2

BY IDRIS.

6 Bay Horse, (out of Sancho's dam) Mr. Tatton Sykes's, 80gs. at Pontefract; also 50gs. and 70gs. at Lincoln................ 3

5 Bay Mare, (out of Alonzo's dam) Mr. Acklom's, 50gs. at Beverley 1

BY JOHN BULL.

9 Captain Absolute, Lord Foley's, 25gs. at Newmarket 1

4 Ferdinand, Mr. Payne's, 50gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket........ 2

5 Tudor, Mr. Payne's, 300gs. and 20gs. at Newmarket; Lord Oxford's, 50l. and two Premiums of 10gs. each, at Worcester.... 5

6 Violante, Lord Grosvenor's, the second Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 450gs. the King's Plate for Mares, twice 200gs. and 80gs. at Newmarket... 5

BY JOHNNY.

4 Master Jackey, Mr. Ladbroke's, the King's Plate at Guildford; 150gs. at Canterbury; also the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 80gs. in specie at Oxford....................................... 3

BY

Years old. BY KING BLADUD. *Number of Prizes.*

3 Bay Filly, Mr. J. Eyre's, 50l. at Warwick 1

BY KILL-DEVIL.

3 Bay Filly, (out of Peggy Rose) Mr. Worrall's, 50gs. at Southampton; and 25gs. at Kingscote 2

BY L'ORIENT.

3 Temple, Mr. Plews's, a Handicap Plate at Dumfries 1

BY LOP.

3 Kitty, Mr. Day's, 50l. at Tavistock 1
4 Woodcutter, General Grosvenor's, 40gs. at Newmarket; and 130gs. at Huntingdon 2
3 Wood-Dæmon, Lord Rous's, 50l. at Newmarket 1

BY MAGIC.

6 Mountaineer, Mr. Goddard's, 100gs. 205gs. and 100gs. at Maddington; the Cup, value 100gs. with 50gs. in specie, at Winchester; the King's Plate at Salisbury; also 100gs. and 120gs. at Kingscote 7

BY MARSK (MR. RICHARDSON'S).

5 Newton, Lord Gower's, 50gs. at Newcastle, Staffordshire 1

BY MASTER ROBERT.

3 Rosebud, Sir A. Don's, 100gs. at Lamberton; and 50l. at Kelso .. 2

BY METEOR.

6 Aladdin, Mr. Cholmondeley's, 45gs. at Holywell 1
3 Devana Presle, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 50gs. at Chester; and 100gs. at Shrewsbury 2
5 General Benningsen, Sir W. W. Wynne's, the Earl of Chester's Plate, 60gs. and the Cup, value 60gs. at Chester 2
6 Meteora, Lord Grosvenor's, 38l. 10s. (being second for the third Class of the Oatlands' Stakes) at Newmarket; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 20gs. in specie, at Stamford; 325gs. and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 260gs. in specie, at Brighton; also 195gs. and 133gs. at Newmarket 5
3 Sunbeam, Lord Grosvenor's, 100gs. and 50l. at Newmarket 2

BY MR. TEAZLE.

3 Master Teazle, Sir T. Mostyn's, 60gs. at Holywell 1
3 Pussy Cat, Mr. Tarleton's, 30gs. at Chester; Mr. Boycott's, 50l. and the Cup, value 50l. at Trè-Madock 3

BY MOORCOCK.

6 Bay Gelding, Mr. Keen's, 130gs. at Nottingham 1
3 Bonny Hodge, Mr. Harrison's, 50l. at Chesterfield 1
5 Plunder, Mr. Bayley's, 50gs. at Nantwich 1

BY NOBLE.

5 Neighbour, Lord Ribblesdale's, 60gs. at Skipton 1

BY NO-PRETENDER.

4 Sunflower, Mr. Steven's, 50l. at Derby 1

BY OBERON.

6 Bay Mare, Mr. T. Shafto's, 60gs. at Durham 1

Years old. *Number of Prizes.*

Buckram, Sir H. T. Vane's, 55gs. at Durham................... 1

5 Mayflower, Mr. J. Farrow's, 50gs. at Stockton.................. 1

BY OLD TATT.

4 Miss Whitley, Mr. Goodall's, 50l. at Chester..................... 1

BY ORANGE-FLOWER.

3 Little Harlot, Mr. Parry's, 90gs. at Trè-Madock................ 1

3 Telemachus, Mr. Birch's, 50l. at Newcastle, Staffordshire........ 1

BY ORMOND.

3 Fair Star, Mr. Tanton's, the Gold Cup, value 75gs. at Lincoln 1

3 Sir John Barleycorn, Mr. Key's, 50l. at Carlisle; 50l. at Dumfries; and twice 50l. at Penrith 4

BY OVERTON.

6 Capias, Mr. C. Dundas's, 50gs. at Newbury...................... 1

6 Cleveland, Lord Monson's, the Cup, value 50gs. at Burton......... 1

BY PANDOLPHO.

3 Mowbray, Duke of Leeds's, 50l. at Boroughbridge; 50l. and 100l. at Pontefract; also 70gs. at Lincoln.............................. 4

BY PASTOR.

4 Swansea, Mr. Munsey's, 50gs. at Swansea 1

BY PATRIOT.

4 Mandarine, Hon. Mr. Fellowes's, 50l. at Taunton................. 1

4 Miltonia, Mr. Cave Browne's, 50gs. and 20gs. at Newmarket; 50l. at Stamford; and 50l. at Leicester............................ 4

BY PEDLAR.

5 Elvira, Mr. Wood's, 50gs. at Cardiff.............................. 1

BY PEGASUS.

8 Laura, Mr. Pryse's, 100gs. at Kingscote........................... 1

BY PENCIL.

5 Rubens, Mr. C. Dundas's, 50gs. at Maddington; and a Match at Abingdon 2

BY PIPATOR.

5 Cramlington, Mr. Storey's, 50l. at Newcastle; 50l. at Kelso; and 50gs. at the Caledonian-Hunt.................................. 3

BY PITCH.

3 Tar, Mr. Mosey's, 100gs. and 50l. at Beverley 2

BY POTSO'S.

8 Parasol, Duke of Grafton's, 38l. 10s. (being second for the second Class of the Oatlands' Stakes) and twice 100gs. at Newmarket... 3

BY PRECIPITATE.

7 Felix, Mr. Grant's, 85gs. at Burton................................ 1

4 Harriet, Sir M. M. Sykes's, 50l. at Beverley...................... 1

6 Langton, Lord Jersey's, 50gs. 300gs. 50gs. and 50l. at Newmarket 4

BY PROPHET.

Marquis, Mr. Tempest's, 80gs. at Skipton..........................

BY RAMSDEN.

a. Pic Nic, Mr. Gage's, twice 50l. at Goodwood,.................... 2

BY

Years old. BY REGULUS. *Number of Prizes.*

a. Surprise, Mr. J. Corbett's, the Silver Cup, value 50l. at Oswestry .. 1

BY RULER.

5 Br. Gelding, Mr. W. Jordon's, 50gs. at Beverley.................. 1

BY ST. GEORGE.

4 Bacchanal, Sir J. Honywood's, twice 200gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket.. 3
3 Bay Colt, Mr. Bouverie's, 50l. at Chippenham 1
4 Bay Filly, (dam by Pontac) Mr. Field's, 50l. at Northallerton....... 1
4 Cliffe, Mr. Seymour's, 200gs. at York August Meeting; 50l. at Northallerton; and 50l. at Richmond 3
3 Pan, Sir H. Williamson's, the Derby Stakes of 1100gs. at Epsom.. 1
7 Patch, Mr. L. Dale's, 55gs. and 90l. at Malton 2
3 St. Andero, Mr. T. King's, the Maiden Plate at Dumfries........ 1
4 Silvio, Mr. W. Hutchinson's, 50l. at Catterick; 70l. at Durham; and the Silver Cup, value 60gs. with 50gs. in specie, at Newcastle.. 3
7 Zodiac, Mr. Shakespear's, 20gs. 300gs. 100gs. 50gs. and 30gs. at Newmarket 5

BY SAXE COBOURG.

4 Bay Filly, Hon. W. A. Harbord's, 100gs. at Newmarket........ 1

BY SCHEDONI.

5 Empingham, Mr. Wyndham's, 100gs. and 25gs. at Newmarket.... 2

BY SCORPION.

6 Lash, Mr. Baird's, 70gs. at Ayr.............................. 1

BY SCREVETON.

7 Br. Gelding, Mr. T. Milner's, 50gs. at Catterick; and 55gs. at Pontefract 2
4 Foxberry, Mr. Goodisson's, 48gs. at Epsom; twice 50l. at Guildford; twice 50l. at Ipswich; and a 10l. Premium at Beccles.......... 6

BY SELIM (THE ARABIAN).

4 Posthumous, Mr. Lonsdale's, 50l. at Dumfries.................. 1

BY SERPENT.

4 Viper, Mr. Harris's, 60l. and 80l. at Manchester; twice 50l. at Preston; and 50l. at Ormskirk; Sir T. Stanley's, 50gs. at Warwick.. 6

BY SHUTTLE.

3 Agnes, Lord Foley's, 1000gs. at York August Meeting; and 200gs. at Newmarket 2
4 Esther, Mr. Fletcher's, 50l. at Lamberton.................... 1
2 Middlethorpe, Duke of Hamilton's, 140gs. at York Spring Meeting 1
3 Miss Staveley, Mr. Fletcher's, 80gs. at Catterick; and 80gs. at York Spring Meeting.. 2
3 Overproof, Mr. Hanson's, 100gs. at Manchester.................. 1
3 Plaything, Mr. Benson's, 100gs. at Holywell.................. 1
2 Spindle, Mr. Wilson's, the July Stakes of 770gs. at Newmarket .. 1
3 Weaver, Mr. Mellish's, 200gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Howorth's, 250gs. 100gs. and the Ladies' Plate at York August Meeting; Lord Foley's, 100gs. and 35gs. at Newmarket........................ 6

To be continued.

PRIZE FIGHTING.

ON Wednesday, the 1st of February, agreeable to a match which was made in October, a few days after the fight between Crib and the giant Gregson, a battle took place on Epsom race-course, between Crib, the winner of that battle, and James Belcher, (the once champion) for two hundred guineas. The match was made for Belcher by a few sanguine friends, who were eager to give him an opportunity of regaining that fame he once pre-eminently enjoyed, and which he had lost by a failure of his physical powers.—A very hard battle was fought between the candidates for this stake, in the Spring of 1807, and which Crib won by a mere accident that befel Belcher. It was this consideration, together with Belcher's confidence of victory in another fight, that induced his friends to send him to train at Virginia Water as early as November, and, to use a sporting phrase, he trained on in the most satisfactory manner. A thirty-feet ring, roped, was the field of blood; and at half past twelve the combatants stripped, with bets three to one on Crib, who was backed by what is termed the *flash* side, with Joe Ward and Bill Gibbons for his seconds. Belcher was seconded by Mendoza and Bob Clark.

Round 1. Sparring for half a minute, when Belcher made two hits, one of which Crib stopped, and received the second slightly on the body, and put in one, which was half stopped.—The combatants closed, and Belcher had a slight fall.

2. Crib made play, and put in a body blow, and a rally was commenced by Belcher. Several blows were exchanged, but the men had not come to hitting, and in the subsequent round there were no visible appearances of blows, except a slight contusion above Belcher's perfect eye. The round was closed by Crib throwing his antagonist.

3. Belcher, with considerable gaiety and skill, made two lungeing hits, right and left, and Crib received one of them in full weight under the left ear, which produced a copious effusion of blood. Several blows at distance were exchanged, and Crib had decidedly the worst of the rally, although he threw his adversary.

4. Crib bled very freely at the ear, it being a tender spot, and made so by Gregson originally.—This round was rather a display of science, for every hit was stopped on both sides, and on Belcher attempting to end the round in a rally, he fell, apparently winded. Four to 1 on Crib.

5. It was now evident that Belcher had lamed his right hand in the third round, although he hit Crib at this set-to twice, but very slightly, with the left hand. Crib rallied, and had the best of it, and gave Belcher a heavy fall.

6. Belcher appeared very desirous of gaining wind, by retreating whilst sparring, step by step, until he reached the ropes, where he received a hard blow on the right side. Belcher, by a courageous effort, to avoid his adversary's superior strength, hit out, and planted a blow with his lame hand on the ear, which he had so injured in the third round, and this produced a fresh torrent of blood. He closed, and gave Crib a handsome cross-buttock. Four to 1 on Crib, from his known gluttony.

7. This round, had it not been for

for Belcher's known infirmities, would have made him the favourite. He commenced a rally, and had so decidedly the best of hitting, that Crib, rather winded, gave himself an easy fall at closing.

8. Belcher's exertions in the former round winded him, and, as in the sixth round, he sparred and retreated to the ropes, where again he was reduced to a courageous effort to extricate himself, and a rally from Belcher was the consequence. It was a trial of strength; for although Belcher planted double hits, they were so inoffensive that his antagonist disregarded them. On closing, they fibbed and hugged to the ropes, and whilst contending for the throw, they were both somerseted over the ropes.

9. A close by false hits, and a separation by the seconds.

10. Belcher had evidently great disadvantages to labour under, and this round was indicative, more strongly than any other, of the result of the battle. Crib, by being fleshy, or some caution, had as yet made but little play, but in this round he went, hit and stopped, and hit, until Belcher had received five or six blows without giving one, and he ultimately received a heavy fall. No odds would be taken.

11. Crib made as much play as in the preceding round, and threw his man. It was now discernible that both Belcher's hands were lamed, and in boxing a fresh stout man, it is almost superfluous to follow the battle in detail to the thirty-first round, which terminated it in favour of Crib in forty minutes.

Belcher had another temporary advantage in the 19th round, by stopping all the hits that were made, but he was ultimately bored down. In the 31st and last round he used every effort to no purpose, for he had not a hit left in him. His knuckles were partially gone by his exertions in the third and seventh rounds, and in the other rounds, where he had the best of hitting, his finger nails on the right hand had started from the flesh.

In making observations on the battle, it should be ranked as the worst that has occurred for a length of time. Belcher, when brought up from Bristol by Bill Ward, might be said to have been a phenomenon. Under the age of twenty, he sprung from the Bristol nursery, and brought with him a new and determined system of fighting, which baffled that of the old school, and has been acted upon by the new. His appearance in the metropolis revived the system of boxing, which had lain for some years dormant, by the attempts made to get a man to beat him, amongst the most powerful of whom was Bartholomew, who was but trifling in Belcher's hands. At the age of twenty-seven this man is so far degenerated, that he has but little chance of success against any fighting man, however insignificant his order. He can make but very few hits with his feeble hands, and in a contest of half an hour nature deserts him. He possesses some of his original vigorous resolution and gaiety, without the power of putting it into execution. Crib, too, who has been a fighting hack for the last five years, seems to have fallen off in all the requisites of a boxer, and if he had fought Gregson no better than he did Belcher, it is an opinion fairly to be hazarded that he would have lost the battle. He did labour under a pain at the chest until a few days before this battle, occasioned, as it is believed,

lieved, by a blow from Gregson. Whatever is the cause, he has miserably fallen off in hitting since he fought Gregson, and his wind is not so good. He declared he would fight no more battles, and this probably originates from some deficiency; and having been a conqueror, unlike Belcher, he resigns with the fruits of his labours.—Crib is getting corpulent, and was very fleshy on the day he fought Belcher.

TOM BELCHER AND FARNBOROUGH.

This was of all easily-won battles the most simple, excepting that Farnborough's sufferings will caution him, if he intends to practise prize-fighting, not to attempt the top of the tree at first start. Young Belcher is a pattern for all fighting men in all the requisites of prize-fighting. The amateur derives more pleasure by his skill and extraordinary powers than by any other man's, and it was *honour* alone that induced his antagonist to cope with him. One line of detail would be superfluous. In twenty minutes did Belcher so monstrously disfigure this novice, that time alone can repair his injuries; he is nevertheless a game man, but he knows no more of fighting than Iky Pig or Jemmy from Town, although he could beat the novices, Wasdell, Green, and the Scotch Baker. Belcher left the ring as perfect as he entered it, and did not receive a bar to his pleasure in viewing the next battle. Mendoza seconded Belcher, and Jones and the Black favoured Farnborough.

Another battle was fought betwixt Dogherty and another novice and no glutton. Dogherty won the battle without much fatigue.

The day afforded a fine harvest for the *cognoscenti*.

A pitched battle for one hundred guineas was fought on Bamstead Downs, Wilts, on Tuesday, February 2, between George Wilson, groom to Captain Hanley, at Bamstead, and a black of the name of Gulliver, a teacher of provincial novices, and a man who has won several battles. The black was six to four the favourite at setting to, and during a long close battle of an hour and forty minutes, the odds varied, and were the same again in the last round as at setting to, but Wilson hit his adversary away from him by a temple blow, and won the battle. The combatants were unable to walk to the chaises waiting for them. It was all hitting during the battle, the winner at the head, and the loser at the body.

SPARRING.

There was an exhibition on the 9th instant, in the Fives-Court, St. Martin's-street, in the presence of about two hundred spectators, for the benefit of *Pearce* the *Game-Chicken*, and the unconquered late champion (who has been some time in a decline, and is not expected to live many days), and *Horton*, who was vanquished by Crib. The principal setting-to was between Crib and Horton, and young Belcher and Horton, most of the other professors of note being absent and disabled. The set-to betwixt Horton and Young Belcher afforded a fund of amusement, and was a master-piece of science. The Chicken was just able to walk into the Court.

MAN

MAN AND WIFE;

OR,

MORE SECRETS THAN ONE.

WE promised, in our last Magazine, to give some extracts from this play, previous to which, however, it may not be amiss to insert the *dramatis personœ*, which are as follow:—

Lord Austencourt	Mr. Holland.
Sir Rowland Austencourt	Mr. Powell.
Charles Austencourt	Mr. Elliston.
Sir Willoughby Worrett	Mr. Dowton.
Falkner / Abel Growse	Mr. Wroughton.
Cornelius O'Dedimus	Mr. Johnstone.
Ponder (Clerk to O'Dedimus.)	Mr. Matthews.
Countryman	Mr. Scriven.
Sailor	Mr. Smith.
Game-keeper	Mr. Maddocks.
Parish Officer	Mr. Sparks.
Lady Worrett	Mrs. Harlowe.
Helen Worrett	Mrs. Jordan.
Fanny	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Tiffany	Mrs. Scott.

The extracts we propose to furnish will be rather of the humourous kind. The following is totally unconnected with the other incidents of the piece:—

O'Dedimus appears, as steward and attorney to the Austencourts, and to him

Enter Gamekeeper, with a Countryman in custody.

O'Ded.—Well, friend, and what are you?

Countryman.—I be's a poacher! So my lord's gamekeeper here do say.

O'Ded. —A poacher! Faith, that's honest.

Gamekeeper.—I caught him before day-light on the manor. I took away his gun, and shot his dog.

O'Ded.—That was bravely done. So you must pamper your long stomach with pheasants and partridges, and be damn'd to ye! Will you prefer paying five pounds now, or three months hard labour in the house of correction?

Countrym.—Thank ye, Sir—I don't prefer either, Sir.

O'Ded.—You must go before the justice—he'll exhort you, and commit ye!

Countrym.—Eees, I do know that *extortion* and *commission*, and such like, be the office of the justice; but I'll have a bit of law, please punch!—He ha' kill'd my poor dog that I lov'd like one o' my own children, and I've gotten six of 'em, Lord bless 'em.

O'Ded.—Six dogs!

Countrym.—Dogs? No, children, mun.

O'Ded.—Six children! Och, the fruitful sinner!

Countrym.—My wife be a painstaking woman, Sir. We ha' had this poor dear dog from a puppy.

O'Ded.—Shut your ugly mouth, you babbler.—Six children! Oh! we must make an example of this fellow—an't I the village lawyer? and an't I the terror of all the rogues in the parish? *(aside to him)* You must plead "Not guilty."

Countrym.—But I tell you, if that be guilt, I be guilty.

O'Ded.—Why, you blundering booby, if you plead guilty, how will I ever be able to prove you innocent?

Countrym.—Guilty or innocent, I'll have the law of him, by gum! he has shot my poor old mongrel, and taken away my musket; and I've lost my day's drilling, and I'll make him pay for it.

O'Ded.—A mongrel, and a musket! by St. Patrick, Mr. Gamekeeper, and you have nately set your foot in it.

Gamek.—Why, Sir, its a bad affair, Sir: it was so dark, I could not

not see: and when I discovered my mistake, I offered him a shilling to make it up, and he refused it!

O'Ded. *(aside to Gamekeeper)*—Harkye, Mr. Gamekeeper; he has one action against ye for his dog, and another for false imprisonment; *(loud)* I love to see the laws enforced with justice.—*(Aside)* but I'll always help a poor man to stand up against oppression.—*(To Gamekeeper)* He has got you on the hip, and so go out and settle it between yourselves, and do you take care of yourself: *(to Countryman)* and do you make the best of your bargain. [*Exeunt.*

Parish Officer brings forward the Sailor.

Officer.—Here's a vagrant: I found him begging without a pass.

O'Ded.—Take him before his worship directly: the sturdy rogue ought to be punished.

Sailor.—Please your honour, I'm a sailor.

O'Ded.—And if you're a sailor, a'nt you ashamed to own it? A begging sailor is a disgrace to an honourable profession, for which the country has provided an asylum as glorious as it is deserved!

Sailor.—Why so it has—but I an't bound for Greenwich yet!

O'Ded. *(aside to him)*—Why you're disabled, I see.

Sailor.—Disabled! what for? why I've only lost *one* arm yet—bless ye, I'm no beggar. I was going to see my Nancy thirty miles further on the road, and meeting some old messmates, we had a can o' grog together; one can brought on another, and then we got drinking the King's health, and the Navy, and then this Admiral, and then t'other Admiral, till at last we had so many gallant heroes to drink, that we were all drunk afore we came to the reck'ning. So, your honour, as my messmates had none o' the rhino, I paid all; and then you know they had a long journey upwards, and no biscuit aboard: so I lent one a little, and another a little, till at last I found I had no coin left in my locker for myself, except a cracked teaster that Nancy gave me;—and I couldn't spend that, you know, tho' I had been starving!

O'Ded.—And so you begg'd?

Sailor.—Begg'd, no! I just axed for a bit of bread and a mug o' water. That's no more than one Christian ought to give another, and if you call that begging, why I beg to differ in opinion.

O'Ded.—According to the act, you are a vagrant, and the justice may commit ye.—*(Aside to the Officer)* Lookye, Mr. Officer, you are in the wrong box here. Can't you see plain enough, by his having lost an arm, that he earns a livelihood by the work of his hands? so, lest he should be riotous for being detained, let me advise you to be off. I'll send him off after you with a flea in his ear, the other way.

Officer.—Thank ye, Sir—thank ye—I'm much obliged to you for your advice, Sir, and shall take it, and so my service to you. [*Exit.*

O'Ded.—Take this, my honest lad, *(gives money)* say nothing about it, and give my service to Nancy.

Sailor.—Why now, Heaven bless your honour for ever; and if ever you're in distress, and I'm within sight of signals, why hang out your blue lights; and if I don't bear down to your assistance, may my gun be primed with damp powder the first time we fire a broadside at an enemy. [*Exit.*

Ponder

Ponder is a shifting, evasive, quibbling fellow—has been servant to Charles Austencourt, but now clerk to O'Dedimus.

O'Dedimus rings a bell.

O'Ded.—Ponder! — Now will this fellow be thinking and thinking till he quite forgets what he's doing. Ponder, I say—(*Enter Ponder.*) Here, Ponder, take this letter to Farmer Flail's, and if you see Mrs. Muddle, his neighbour, give my love and duty to her.

Ponder.—Yes, yes, Sir—but at that moment, Sir, I was immers'd in thought, if I may be allow'd the expression; I was thinking of the vast difference between *love* and *law*, and yet how neatly you've spliced them together in your last instruction to your humble servant, Peter Ponder—Clerk!—Umph!

O'Ded.—Umph! is that your manners you bear-garden? Will I never be able to larn you to behave yourself? Study *me*, and talk like a gentleman, and be damn'd to ye.

Ponder.—I study the law—I can't talk it!

O'Ded.—Can't you? Then you'll never do. If your tongue don't run faster than your client's, how will you ever be able to bother him you booby?

Ponder.—I'll draw out his case—he shall read, and he'll bother *himself!*

O'Ded.—You've a notion—mind my instructions and I don't despair of seeing you at the bar one day. Was that copy of a writ sarved yesterday upon Garble, the tailor?

Ponder.—Aye.

O'Ded.—And sarve him right too—that's a big rogue that runs in debt wid his eyes upon, and tho' he has property, refuses to pay—Is he safe?

Ponder.—He was bailed by Swash, the brewer.

O'Ded.—And was the other sarved on Shuttle, the weaver?

Ponder.—Aye.

O'Ded.—Who bailed him?

Ponder.—Nobody, he's gone to jail.

O'Ded.—Gone to jail! Why *his* poverty is owing to misfortune—he *can't* pay. Well, that's not our affair; the law must have it's course.

Ponder.—So Shuttle said to his wife, as she hung crying on his shoulder.

O'Ded.—That's it, he's a sensible man—and that's more than his wife is. We've nothing to do with women's tears.

Ponder.—Not a bit—so they walked him off to jail in a jiffey, if I may be allowed the expression.

O'Ded.—To be sure, and that was right--they did their duty—tho' for sartin if a poor man can't pay his debts when he's at liberty, he won't be much nearer the mark when he's shut up in idleness in a prison.

Ponder.—No.

O'Ded.—Tho' when he that sent them there comes to make up his last account, 'tis my belief that he won't be able to shew cause why a bill shouldn't be filed against him for barbarity!

Ponder.—Shall I go now to Farmer Flail's, with the letter?

O'Ded.—Aye, and if you see Shuttle's wife in your way, give my service to her, and d'ye hear—as you're a small talker, don't let the little you say be so cursed crabbed; and if a few kind words of comfort should find their way from your heart to your tongue, don't shut your ugly mouth and keep them within your teeth: you may tell her that if she can find any body to stand up for her husband, I sha'nt be over-nice about the suf-

sufficiency of the bail—get you gone.

Ponder.—I shall. Let me see! Farmer Flail!—Mrs. Muddle, his neighbour!—Shuttle's wife! and a whole string of messages and memorandums — here's business enough to bother the brains of any ordinary man!—you are pleased to say, Sir, that I am too much addicted to thinking—I think *not*.

[*Exit Ponder*.

O'Ded.—By my soul if an attorney wasn't sometimes a bit of a rogue, he'd never be able to earn an honest livelihood — Oh, Mr. O'Dedimus! why have you so little, when your heart could distribute so much?

Of the sarcastic raillery of Helen, so inimitably performed by Mrs. Jordan, the following is a specimen:

A Library at Sir Willoughby's.

Enter Helen with Servant.

Helen. — Lord Austencourt — true—this is his hour for persecuting me—very well, desire Lord Austencourt to come in.

[*Exit Servant*.

Helen.—I won't marry. They all say I shall. Some girls now would sit down and sigh, and moan, as if that would mend the matter—that will never suit me! Some indeed would run away with the man they liked better—but then the only man I ever liked well enough to marry—is—I believe, run away from *me*. Well! that won't do!—I'll e'en laugh it off as well as I can; and tho' I won't marry his Lordship, I'll tease him as heartily as if I had been his wife for twenty years.

Enter Lord Austencourt.

Lord A.—Helen! too lovely Helen! once more behold before you to supplicate for your love and pity, the man whom the world calls proud, but whom your beauty alone has humbled.

Helen.—They say, my Lord, that pride always has a fall some time or other.—I hope the fall of your Lordship's hasn't hurt you.

Lord A.—Is it possible that the amiable Helen, so famed for gentleness and goodness, can see the victim of her charms thus dejected stand before her?

Helen.—Certainly not, my Lord—so pray sit down.

Lord A.—Will you never be for one moment serious?

Helen.—Oh, yes, my Lord—I am never otherwise when *I think* of your Lordship's proposals—but when you are making love and fine speeches to me in person, 'tis with amazing difficulty I can help laughing.

Lord A.—Insolent vixen, (*aside*) I had indulged a hope, madam, that the generosity and disinterested love I have evinced—

Helen.—Why as to your Lordship's generosity in condescending to marry a poor solitary spinster, I am certainly most duly grateful—and no one can possibly doubt your disinterestedness, who knows I am only heiress to 12,000l. a year—a fortune which, as I take it, nearly doubles the whole of your Lordship's rent-roll!

Lord A.—Really, madam, if I am suspected of any mercenary motives, the liberal settlements which are now ready for your perusal, must immediately remove any such suspicion.

Helen.—Oh, my Lord, you certainly mistake me—only as my papa observes, our estates *do join so charmingly to one another!*

Lord A.—Yes;—that circumstance

stance is certainly advantageous to both parties. (*exultingly.*)

Helen. — Certainly! — only, as mine is the biggest, perhaps your's would be the greatest gainer by the bargain.

Lord A. — My dear Madam, a title and the advantages of elevation in rank amply compensate the sacrifice on your part.

Helen. — Why, as to a title, my lord (as Mr. O'Dedimus, your attorney, observes), there's no title in my mind better than a good title to a fine estate — and I see plainly, that although your lordship is a peer of the realm — you think this title of mine no mean companion for your own.

Lord A. — Nay, Madam — Believe me — I protest — I assure you — solemnly, that those considerations have very little — indeed *no* influence *at all* with me.

Helen. — Oh, no! — only it is natural that you should feel (as papa again observes) that the *contiguity* of these estates seems to *invite* a union by a marriage between us.

Lord A. — And if you admit that fact — why do you decline the invitation?

Helen. — Why, one doesn't accept *every* invitation that's offered, you know — one sometimes have very disagreeable ones; and then one presents compliments, and is extremely sorry that a previous engagement obliges us to decline the honour.

Lord A. — (*aside*) Confound the satirical hussey — But should not the wishes of your parents have some weight in the scale?

Helen. — Why, so they have; *their* wishes are in one scale, and *mine* are in the other; do all I can, I can't make mine weight most, and so the beam remains balanced.

Lord A. — I should be sorry to make theirs preponderate, by calling in their authority as auxiliaries to their wishes.

Helen. — Authority! — Ho! what, you think to marry me by force! do ye, my Lord?

Lord A. — *They* are resolute — and if *you* continue obstinate —

Helen. — I dare say your lordship's education hasn't precluded your knowledge of a very true, tho' *rather* vulgar proverb — "one man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty can't make him drink."

Lord A — The allusion may be classical, Madam, tho' certainly it is not very elegant — nor has it even the advantage of being applicable to the point in question. However, I do not despair to see this resolution changed. In the mean time, I did not think it in your nature to treat any man who loves you with cruelty and scorn.

Helen. — Then, why don't you desist, my lord? If you'd take an answer, you had a civil one: but if you will follow and tease one, like a sturdy beggar in the street, you must expect at last a reproof for your impertinence.

Lord A. — Yet even in their case perseverance often obtains what was denied to poverty.

Helen. — Yes, possibly, from the feeble or the vain — But genuine Charity, and her sister, Love, act only from their own generous impulse, and scorn intimidation.

Charles, the Naval Officer, in love with Helen, and the cousin of his rival, the supposed Lord Austencourt, suddenly returns from sea, and to him

Enter Sir Rowland and Lord Austencourt.

Charles. — My dear father, I am heartily glad to see you —

Sir R. — How is this — Charles! Returned thus unexpectedly?

Charles.—Unexpected pleasure, they say, Sir, is always most welcome—I hope you find it so.

Sir R.—This conduct, youngster, requires explanation.

Charles.—Sir, I have it ready at my tongue's end. My Lord, I ask your pardon—I'm glad to see you too—

Lord A.—I wish, Sir, I could return the compliment; but this extraordinary conduct—

Charles.—No apologies, my Lord, for your civil speech—you might easily have returned the compliment in the same words, and, believe me, with as much sincerity as it was offered.

Sir R.—This is no time for dissention, Sir—

Lord A.—My cousin forgets, Sir Rowland, that altho' united, by ties of consanguinity, *birth* and *fortune* have placed me in a station which commands some respect.

Charles.—No, my Lord, for I also am in a station where I, *too*, command respect—where I respect and am respected. I therefore well know what is due to my superiors; and this duty I never forget, till those above me forget what they owe to themselves.

Lord A.—I am not aware, good cousin, that I have ever yet forfeited my title to the respect I claim.

Charles.—You have, my lord: for high rank forfeits every claim to distinction when it exacts submissive humility from those beneath it, while at the same time it refuses a graceful condescension in exchange.

Sir R.—Charles, Charles, these sentiments but ill become the dependent state in which fortune has placed you.

Charles.—Dependent state! Dependent upon whom?—What, on *him*—my titled, tawdry cousin there? What are his pretensions that he shall presume to brand me as a poor dependent?—What are *his* claims to independence?—How does he spend the income fortune has allotted to him? Does he rejoice to revive in the mansion of his ancestors the spirit of old English hospitality—do the eyes of aged tenants twinkle with joy when they hope his coming—do the poor bless his arrival?—I say no—He is the lord of land—and is also, what he seems still more proud of, a lord of parliament—but I will front him in both capacities, and frankly tell him, that in the first he is a burthen to his own estate, and not a benefactor—and in the second, a peer, but not a prop.

Sir R.—Charles, how dare you thus persevere—You cannot deny, rash and foolish boy, that you are in a dependent state—Your very profession proves it.

Charles.—O, Father, spare that insult—the profession I glory to belong to, is above dependence—Yes! while we live and fight, we feel, and gratefully acknowledge, that our pay depends on our king and country, and therefore you *may* style us dependent—but, in the hour of battle, we wish for nothing more than to show that the glory and safety of the nation *depend on us*—and by our death or blood to repay all previous obligation.

To be continued.

PUBLIC TABLE CONVERSATION AT BATH.

From Sketches of Character; or, Specimens of real Life.

TEMPLE was punctual to the dinner-hour, and as the company

pany took their seats according to the time of their coming into the house, he found he could not obtain a place next Emily, but endeavoured to get as nearly opposite as he could.

"First come, first served, Sir," said Mrs. Hancock, seating herself above him. "I came isterday, so here I squats; 'tis in the rules, and 'tis vell there *be* rules, else we should be all sixes and sevens, higgledy piggledy; not but 'tis all as good this hend of the table as the other, every bit; and I see summut as I love, biled pourk and pease pudd'n; and please the pigs I'll have sum."

"She'll please herself for once, then," said Mr. Armstrong. "Monsieur St. Foix, what soup is that, pray?"

"Indeed it look noting I can very much recommend."

"Its veal, Sir," said Mrs. Snelgrove—"knuckle of veal boiled down."

"It looks as if dere vas too much made of it."

"So it do, Sir," cried Mrs. Hancock; "and I take it, Monsieur Count, 'tis what you call soup-meager, eh?"

"Pardon, Madam, dat is quite anoder ting."

"Now, Sir, if it baint taking too great a liberty, might I ask whether you ever eat a frog? 'cause I've heard tell such stories of fricasees in your country, of cats and mice, and all sorts of varmints, toads and frogs, and what not, that for my part I could never bring myself to think 'twas all true; so I should like to know for sartin—hope no offence, Sir."

"Madam, you be very misinformed; we eat no such tings, and, *au contraire*, should consider it a breach of good breeding to talk of such *varmints* at dinner."

"Vell, now, I thought as twasn't true, though my sister Grimshaw 'oud insist upon't as 'twas—Fags! there's a thief in the candle," continued Mrs. Hancock, taking a pin from her side, to remedy the defect. "And now, neybour Temple, hand my plate for some more pourk—near the handle, please, 'cause 'taint done in the middle.—Oh law! you put your thumb in my mustard!—never mind—now for some pudd'n—there, that's well."

"Is there no such thing as a made dish of any kind that's fit to eat?" said Mr. Armstrong, with a distressed countenance, looking round the table. "Mr. Temple, Sir, I'll beg the favour of knowing what is under the cover by you."

"A custard pudding, Sir."

"Law! Squire T." cried Mrs. Hancock, "the gentleman don't mean that there kiver—"'tis thisin—law! and if it bain't hog's pudd'n."

"Hog's pudd'n, Ma'am! and a very good thing, too," replied Sir Edward, "when its hot."

"Ah! Sir," said Mrs. Cottle, taking up a cover—"mercy, mercy, here are sheep's hearts!"

"Ah, nasty!" exclaimed Mrs. Snelgrove.

"And here's a mammock of a hash," said Mr. Armstrong; "but," added he, whispering to Mrs. Snelgrove, "they'll never catch me at a boarding table again, eating hashes or bread puddings, and I can hardly bring myself to a soup since the mention of digesters: I warrant there's one in this house. I vow there's nothing I can see fit to eat."

"Why," said Mrs. Wheeler, the

the hostess, timidly, "Sir, you've nothing on your plate."

"No—nor likely to be, Madam."

"Dear me, Sir, I'm sorry there's nothing you can fancy."

"There's plenty, too," said Mrs. Webb, who was contentedly feasting on boiled tripe.

"There's too much dinner to-day," said Sir Edward, in a friendly tone, to the hostess; "less of it, and better of the sort, another time, my good lady."

"Quality, not quantity, for me," squeaked Mrs. Cottle.

"The boiled things are raw, and the roast are as dry as a stick," said Mr. Armstrong. "Do let us have some of that pork fried."

"Yes, sure, Sir."

"That's a waste, too," said Sir Edward.

"And do tell the cook," said Mrs. Armstrong, "to pepper it well."

"Let there be a piece for me," said Mrs. Hancock, "without any pepper; 't'ont do for my cough: though I be fond of spices, they baint fond of me, for I be but a poor body for health, though I look so rumbustious. I was bad enough a conscience isterday evening, I was so bad in my bowels, Sir, and ater I went to bed I was wus and wus; I thought I should have died in the night—'tis going about, they tell me. And here I am come to Bath," continued she, sucking a chicken bone, "to have my leg pumped upon. Did you call for bread, neybour Temple? here, you shall have mine: I ha'nt bit it—come, I'll have the crust, and you shall have the peth—excuse my paws; hands were made afore knives and forks. If you baint going to drink no more of that there beer, I'll thankee for't—there's just enough for me now, and by and by I'll have a good swig after my cheese. Why neybour, you don't eat! I must have some more pa'sly and butter: not over my bacon, Squire—'tisn't il'd, is it? ah, what a pity; it quite spiles one's dinner.—What nice-looking putatoes these be," continued she, cutting one in half; "law, it grates against the steel: they baint done. Stick your fork in some cabbage for me, will'e, Squire? that's vel."

"Here is the fried pork, Mr. Armstrong," said Mrs. Wheeler.

"Ah, now this looks well," said he, helping himself plentifully—"there's some sense in this. Allow me, Miss O'Connor, to anticipate your wishes."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Hancock, "she do look as if she wanted summut, poor young lady, with a hempty plate before her."

"Sir Edward, won't you take some?" said Mr. Armstrong, continuing to eat voraciously, with his head down to the plate.

"Vell, if Miss 'ont, nor Sir Edward, nor nobody, I vill—D'ye hear, Mr. A.?—I'll take a mouthful of your fry, Sir—I'll help you to hempt the dish, if you baint going to eat it all.—Oh!" cried Mrs. Hancock, with a wry face, "it tastes as if there was a drop o' taller in it."

"Damn it, Madam!" exclaimed Mr. Armstrong, "you turn every body sick."

"Don't cuss at me, Sir."

"I did'nt, Ma'am."

"There's a forfeit for you, Sir," said Mrs. Cottle, "for speaking a bad word before the ladies have left the table."

"So there is," cried Mrs. Hancock; "and the gentlemen baint to

to smoke, neither, which I am glad of, for I can't abide the smell of bacca."

ON THE

PERSONAL COURAGE OF THE ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

FROM the enquiries I have made of gentlemen employed both in the civil and military departments of the army lately returned from Spain, I am satisfied that the native courage of our countrymen never shone more conspicuously, than in the course of the late disastrous campaign. In their advance, they bore down all opposition; and when the enemy, presuming on the dejection that usually accompanies a retreating army, ventured to press on our rear guard, our men turned like lions, and, however inferior in number, uniformly routed them.

It has been calculated, that, numbers, spirit, and equipment being equal, the advantage possessed by the attacking army is as ten to one:—but although distressed by the length and rapidity of the march, dispirited by the want of provisions, but more especially by the galling conviction that they were retiring from a foe they despised, when they were attacked by more than double their number, and thrice their compliment of artillery, they displayed the spirit and alacrity of fresh troops, and, impatient of distant warfare, loudly called on their officers to lead them to the charge;—they covered themselves with glory, and, in the face of the conquerors of the Continent, embarked without the loss of a single gun or standard. It is worthy of remark, that our great victories of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, were won after a similar retreat from before much superior numbers.

In two respects, the British soldiery allowedly stand unrivalled—they will *stand*, and, unappalled, *receive* a charge of bayonets; and if broken, may be rallied and brought to the charge again and again: which qualities arise from their national habits.

Many grave and physical reasons have been given by the sages on the Continent, for the superior personal courage they have remarked in Englishmen, of which that most dwelt on has been the quantity of animal food that enters into our composition—It appears to me to arise from the free system of education which prevails, and the constitutional liberty of the lower classes.

I passed a twelvemonth in one of the largest Colleges at Paris, and observed, that the boys were never permitted to settle amongst themselves their little quarrels; the tutors ever interfered; and fasting, or kneeling in a corner, were the usual punishments for altercation: thus every burst of spirit was repressed, and the lads, by this Monkish system, taught to seek protection in intrigue and soft speeches.—If in the streets any squabble arose, a file of soldiers, ever nigh, preserved the peace by arresting the parties; and such is the policy which prevails, that the populace of the Continent are accustomed to bear without a murmur the kicks and canings of those above them.

In England, let the best-dressed man that walks our streets insult the meanest porter, and he will resent

sent it manfully: he has been taught from his infancy to fight his own battles, and never to put up with a blow, and the law in this protects him. In our schools, the boy avenges openly his quarrel, and his courage, applauded by his master and companions, grows with his growth; nay, if insulted by a much stouter lad, however hopeless resistance, honour forbids his submitting, without showing his bottom by a round or two.

The upper classes on the Continent interfere with every pleasure of the lower which they please to deem dangerous or improper, and the straining of a limb at cricket would be sufficient to proscribe the game. With us we have some few Magistrates, who would, perhaps, act in the same manner, from a confined way of thinking on these subjects; but the grand principle of the law, that "whatever is not absolutely forbidden is permitted," prevents them. These strain the letter of the law, to prevent pugilistic exhibitions, denominating such *affrays* and *riots*; and lately a pedant, of much Latin and little wisdom, ventured to break locks and raise a riot, lest the boys of a public school, forsooth, should burn their fingers in celebrating the 5th of November.—Happily we have few such Magistrates, and our country pastimes remain of a more athletic and bold nature than prevails abroad.—Hunting, Cricketing, Quoiting, Boxing, Wrestling, and Backsword Playing, materially tend to raise and preserve the martial character—the last-mentioned particularly, merits every encouragement, if we consider its utility with regard to that part of our population which may be employed in our Navy, who, in close action, principally depend on the broad-sword, a very inefficient weapon in the hands of those unacquainted with its use, but the best in all encounters hand to hand, as in boarding, charge of cavalry, defence of a breach, or night attack, such as, for ten successive days, lately took place in the streets of Saragoza.

In the Western Counties, I have witnessed several contests at Backsword, and have been astonished at the resolute and scientific skill displayed, the stimulus being the applause and notice of their neighbours—certainly not the paltry hat, the usual prize.

In a pamphlet published four years ago, Sir Robert Wilson states the probability of our having to fight on our own soil, in six or seven years, for the liberties of Europe; and the events that have since occurred have not been of a nature to controvert his opinion.—It is the immediate business of the Executive to provide for this contingency; but the gentry may greatly assist, by countenancing and promoting, in their several neighbourhoods, these martial exercises; and while they thus prepare for the awful crisis a brave, and thus made confident peasantry, they will render themselves popular, and thereby more effectually attach this valuable class, the strength of battles, to the fortunes of our country.

BRITANNICUS.

PORTRAIT OF DICK THE HUNTSMAN.

THIS poor fellow, though partly an ideot, has so much singularity about him, and is so generally noticed at Newmarket, that Mr. Chalon,

H.B. Chalon pinx.   H.R. Cook sculp.

Dick the Huntsman

Chalon, the artist, proposed to introduce him into a sporting picture which he intended to paint. The sketch from which this plate is taken was furnished by that gentleman.

Dick, we understand, was intended to be a blacksmith, but not possessing the most tractable disposition, he was allowed to follow his own inclination; being always very fond of hunting, he soon attracted the attention of the gentlemen of the chase, and never failed joining the hounds whenever they made their appearance. Dick is such an amazing swift runner, that he contrives to keep with them for many miles together, to the great surprise of the gentlemen sportsmen, who confess him to be a very useful man amongst them, (as Dick readily discovers the track of a fox, and is very clever at finding a hare sitting) and by whom he is principally supported. He never goes out without carrying a knife, a fork, a spoon, and a spur, which are all of his own make, and a performance which discovers him not to be wholly destitute of genius, as they are not separately made, but all contained in one, and with these he is at once equipped, either for sporting or eating. The spur he uses for pricking himself, and which he fancies is of great service in enabling him to keep up with the hounds: he frequently uses it, to the no small amusement of the spectators. His dress is quite as singular as his mode of life, he generally appearing in one boot and one shoe, as represented in the print.

BACKSWORD PLAYING.

ON Monday, the 5th of December last, a match at the noble game of Backsword was played on Burrowes Green, Hendon.

The first that entered the ring was a stout countryman, who was encountered by F. Gale, citizen and basket-maker. The countryman shewed much courage, but little skill, and soon lost his head.—Next two black-diamond merchants entered the lists, who shewed much rough and good play, standing upwards of twenty bouts; then Bishop, of Harrow, and a Berkshire gamester played, and they exhibited much ability both in attack and defence. The under-cuts of the Berks were neatly avoided by the other for some time, till one, more lucky, took place on Bishop's cheek. After which, Horn, from Wilts, won the head of Fidler, of Hants, after some excellent play. On the ties being called, F. Gale and R. Humphries commenced a furious and scientific set-to, which was only ended by the night, when the prize was declared Humphries's. —From the badness of the day, but few amateurs attended.

INTERESTING ADDITIONS TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HEN HARRIER;

With Remarks on some other British Birds.

BY G. MONTAGUE, ESQ.

From the Transactions of the Linnæan Society.

THAT the natural history of a bird indigenous to this country, and by no means uncommon, should have so long continued in obscurity, must, to those not in the habit of investigating nature, appear very extraordinary. In fact it must be confessed, that although I had many reasons for believing the Hen Harrier, *Falco cyaneus*, and Ringtail,

Ringtail, *Falco pygargus*, to be the same species, yet I could not adduce any well-authenticated proof that this was really the fact, when the Ornithological Dictionary was published. It is true that I was assured by a most worthy and scientific clergyman in Sussex, that the gamekeeper of General Prescott, in whose neighbourhood he resided, had actually shot both these birds from the same nest, and that they had both been preserved in one case, and were in the General's possession. That my friend gave implicit credit to the keeper's assertion, I could not have the least doubt; but as I had been assured from another quarter, that not only the male and female harrier had been shot, which belonged to the same nest, but that the young, which could just fly, were also killed, and were of the same cinereous grey colour as the parent birds, who, perplexed with such opposite assertions, could determine?

About the latter end of June, 1805, my friend, the Rev. Mr. Vaughan, informed me, that his servant had found the nest of a hen harrier in some furze, which contained three young and an addled egg. At this time the infant birds were very small, and only covered with white down; it was therefore determined to take them as soon as we deemed them sufficiently large to be brought up by hand; when that period arrived, the servant was directed to shoot one, and, if possible, both the old birds, previously to his bearing away what was considered a prize of no small value.

On the return of the man with the young, he brought with him also the hen harrier, which he assured us he had, under concealment in the furze, shot in the act of dropping a thrush into the nest, while the female (as he seemed to consider the other, and which he described to be a brown hawk) was covering the young. He afterwards shot at and wounded the female, but could not obtain it.

Strong as this person's evidence was in our own minds, yet it conveyed no more to the public mind than what had been so repeatedly asserted on similar authority: being, however, in possession of the aerie, the means were in our power of fully determining the point in question; and to enable me to observe and note the changes that might take place in the plumage, I undertook the care of the whole brood.

At this time, the two largest had thrown out many feathers, sufficient to discover the plumage of the ringtail approaching; the other, by its appearance, must have been hatched much later. In about a month it was evident, from size, that there was but one male, so that all my hopes rested upon this single life. As they became full feathered, there was at first no distinction in plumage, but the eyes of the supposed male were always lighter than in the others, whose irides were so dark as not to be distinguished at a small distance from the pupil. In the dress of the ringtail the whole continued through the winter, when the one which had been weakly from the first died; this circumstance induced me to force a premature change in some of the quill and tail feathers of the others, fearing some accident might frustrate my earnest desire of bringing matters to a decisive proof; and about the middle of June I was highly gratified, by discovering an appearance

ance of the new feathers in the place of those which had been plucked out, and that clearly evinced the smallest bird to be a hen harrier, and the larger to be a ringtail. Thus I had compelled nature to declare her secrets before the appointed time, for in every other respect their plumage was yet similar, excepting about the sides of the face, which were paler in colour in the hen harrier, in which also the irides were of a dull yellow, somewhat mottled, whereas in the latter they still continued dark.

The shyness of these hawks had occasioned their breaking most of their larger feathers, although confined in a place ten feet in length by five in width; and as their regular moulting season was advancing, they were turned into a garden, surrounded by a wall, where, after some time, the female died of the cramp in her legs.

The male had, about the 20th of July, thrown out many of the new feathers naturally, especially the greater coverts of the wings, and a few grey feathers in different parts of the body. On the 20th of August, the greater part of the quill and tail feathers were grown to their full length, and a gradual increase of grey feathers appeared on most other parts; the eyes, also, became more orange; but it was not till the middle of October that it had attained that state which made it desirable to retain, as an existing fact of the change; it was then killed, and is now in my museum. In this state, the plumage of the ringtail, or female, still remains about the neck, the smaller coverts of the wings, the thighs, and part of the belly, intermixed with the male plumage; the top of the head and wreath have also a mixture of the feathers of both sexes. The quills, scapulars, and tail, are completely masculine; in the last of these, there are a few small broken bars of cinereous brown, on a white ground, in the three outer feathers, the exterior margins cinereous grey; the six middle feathers are almost wholly grey, and the markings are very obscure beneath.

Having, by the most powerful evidence, traced this bird from the egg to that state approaching maturity, which so clearly and satisfactorily proves that *Falco cyaneus* and *pygorgus* are actually of the same species, two queries arise out of the observations of different authors. It has been remarked by Dr. Latham, that no author has mentioned the hen harrier as a bird of the American continent. Do the females only migrate to those particular parts where they have been observed, after the breeding season; or is not the transatlantic ringtail a distinct species, not differing in sexual plumage?—The other query is with respect to the sexual distinction of the ash-coloured Falcon of the Orn. Dict. which has been considered to be most probably the northern falcon, or *Falco hyemalis*; for although the male of this species has only occurred to me, yet nothing having been related by any author to induce a belief that the sexes are essentially different in plumage, may we not reasonably conjecture that the female *F. hyemalis* has been mistaken for a *F. cyaneus*, and possibly occasioned some of the accounts related, concerning the similitude in the plumage of both sexes of the latter? Indeed the *F. hyemalis* has generally been described to be considerably larger than those males which have come

under my inspection;—a circumstance serving to strengthen the opinion that the sexes are similar in plumage, (the females of this tribe being always the largest) and may have been confounded with the *cyaneus*, as was the case of the two specimens which were sent to me.

From the account here given of the hen harrier, it is quite clear that the change of plumage is effected in the autumn after it leaves the nest; and as it is between three and four months in the act of moulting, it is certainly very extraordinary that so few instances have occurred of its being killed in that state, which might have been decisive. That such has been taken, is evident by the description of *Falco Hudsonius* of authors, which is doubtless this bird in change of plumage; and it will be observed, that mention is made in the Ornithological Dictionary of some slight indication of such a change; one had only a few grey feathers, beginning the change, and one had several brown feathers in the smaller coverts of the wings, which now appear to be the last that are changed.

I have now only to remark, that the nest of this bird was composed of sticks rudely put together, was nearly flat, and placed on some fallen branches of furze that supported it just above the ground.—The addle egg found in the nest is little inferior to that of the moor buzzard, and similar in shape and colour, being spotless, but of a sullied white. o

To be continued.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PLATES AT NEWMARKET.

(Continued from Page 179.)

SIR H. Fetherstone's Flash, by King Herod—beating Mr. Adams's Satellite and Mr. Pratt's Somebody . . . . Apr. 1781

Mr. Vevers's Young Morwick, by Morwick-Ball—beating Mr. Freeman's Standby . . . . Oct. 1781

Lord Clermont's Hollandoise, by Match'em—beating Mr. Freeman's Standby. . . . . Apr. 1782

Sir J. Lade's Nottingham, by Tantram—beating Mr. Watts's Flying Gib, Mr. Walbank's Brush, Lord Grosvenor's Russian, Mr. Clarke's Jockey, and Lord Derby's Fame. . . . . . Oct. 1782

Mr. Vernon's Drone, by King Herod—beating Sir C. Bunbury's Diomed, Mr. Twycross's Grasshopper, Mr. Wyndham's Buccaneer, and Sir J. Lade's Nottingham, who threw his rider . . . . Apr. 1783

Lord Grosvenor's Fortitude, by King Herod—beating Lord Egremont's Mercury, and Mr. Parker's Anvil. . . . . Oct. 1783

Lord Egremont's Mercury, by Eclipse, 5 yrs old—beating Mr. Vernon's Drone, Mr. Scott's Golden-Dun, and Mr. Stapleton's Petrarch . . . . Apr. 1784

Mr. Vernon's Pumpkin, by Pumpkin—beating Mr. Broadhurst's Rosaletta, Lord Clermont's Signor, Mr. Wiltshire's Nephew, Sir F. Poole's Sussex, and Mr. Wyndham's Apothecary. . Oct. 1784

Mr.

Mr. Wentworth's Columbus, by Alfred, 5 yrs old—beating Mr. Vernon's Pumpkin, Lord Derby's Peru, and Sir F. Poole's Sussex .... Mar. 1785
Lord Grosvenor's Latona, by King Herod—beating Sir F. Poole's Fortunio .... Oct. 1785
Lord Clermont's George, by Marc Antony, 5 yrs old—beating Mr. Cookson's Dunce, 5 yrs old; Lord Grosvenor's Latona, and Mr. Wentworth's Cumberland .... *May 1786
Mr. O'Kelly's Dungannon, by Eclipse—beating Lord Clermont's George, Mr. Hull's Quibbler, and Mr. Baldock's Fortunatus .... Oct. 1786
Mr. Bullock's Rockingham, by Highflyer, 5 yrs old—beating Mr. Dowson's Clayhall, 5 yrs old; Mr. Dawson's Roscius, 5 yrs old; and Mr. Hull's Quibbler .... Apr. 1787
Mr. Bullock's Rockingham, by Highflyer—beating Mr. Tetherington's Marplot .... Oct. 1787
Lord Barrymore's Rockingham, by Highflyer—walked over . . Apr. 1788
Lord Egremont's Driver, by Trentham, 5 yrs old—beating Lord Clermont's Mark-ho! 5 yrs old; His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Cowslip; Mr. Belson's Evander, 5 yrs old; Mr. Weller's Stripling; and Mr. Williams's Britannia.. Oct. 1788
His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Thorn, by Sweetbriar, 5 yrs old—beating Lord Egremont's Driver, 5 yrs old; Mr. Wentworth's Verjuice; Mr. Weller's Stripling; Lord Barrymore's Highlander, &c........................ Apr. 1789
Lord Egremont's Driver, by Trentham—beating His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Pegasus, 5 yrs old; Mr. Hale's Tulip; and Mr. Leeson's Curricle.......................... Oct. 1789
Lord Egremont's Driver, by Trentham—beating His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Scota, and Sir F. Poole's Mentor, 5 yrs old.. Apr. 1790
His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Pegasus, by Eclipse—beating the Duke of Grafton's Poker........................... Oct. 1790
His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Pegasus, by Eclipse—beating the Duke of Bedford's Cardock, 5 yrs old; and Mr. Wentworth's Sportsman, 5 yrs old........................... May 1791
His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Baronet, by Vertumnus—beating Mr. Dawson's Coriander, 5 yrs old; the Duke of Bedford's Cardock; and Lord G. H. Cavendish's Competitor, 5 yrs old... Oct. 1791
Duke of Bedford's Skyscraper, by Highflyer, 5 yrs old—beating Mr. Dawson's Coriander, 5 yrs old; Mr. Wentworth's Gustavus; and Mr. Bullock's Toby, 5 yrs old.......... Apr. 1792
Duke of Bedford's Skyscraper, by Highflyer—beating Lord Grosvenor's Skylark................................. Oct. 1792

* When this Meeting falls in May, the horses, &c. are considered, with respect to their ages, as if it had fallen in April.

Mr.

Mr. Dawson's Coriander, by Pot8O's—beating the Duke of Bedford's Skyscraper. . . . . Apr. 1793
Lord Clermont's Espersykes, by Espersykes—beating Mr. Annesley's No-Pretender, the Duke of Bedford's Dragon, Mr. Cauty's Alderman, and Mr. Robson's Young Highflyer, 5 yrs old . . . . Oct. 1793
Lord Oxford's Bruiser, by Boxer—beating Sir H. Williamson's Storm, 5 yrs old; Lord Clermont's Espersykes; and Mr. Annesley's No-Pretender. . . . . May 1794
Lord Egremont's Cinnabar, by Mercury, 5 yrs old—beating Lord Titchfield's Quetlavaca, Sir H. Williamson's Storm, Mr. C. Taylor's Helmet, and Lord Belfast's Friar . . . . . . Oct. 1794
Lord Sackville's Kitt Carr, by Tandem, 5 yrs old—beating Lord Egremont's Cinnabar, 5 yrs old. . . . . Apr. 1795
Mr. Delmè's Gabriel, by Dorimant, 5 yrs old—beating Mr. Annesley's Pandolpho; Mr. Day's Guatimozin, 5 yrs old; and Sir F. Poole's Mealey, 5 yrs old. . . . . Oct. 1795
Mr. Delmè's Gabriel, by Dorimant, 5 yrs old—beating Sir F. Poole's Waxy, 5 yrs old; Lord Sackville's Silver; Mr. Baldock's Hop-Merchant, 5 yrs; and Mr. Lord's Luckless Apr. 1796
Mr. Durand's Hermione, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old—beating Mr. Delmè's Gabriel . . . . Oct. 1796
Mr. Bott's Totteridge, by Dungannon, 5 yrs old—beating Mr. Delmè's Gabriel . . . . Apr. 1797
Mr. Cookson's Diamond, by Highflyer, 5 yrs old—beating Mr. Durand's Hermione, and Mr. Golding's Vixen. . . . . Oct. 1797
Lord Sackville's Spread-Eagle, by Volunteer, 5 yrs old—beating Mr. Wilson's Bennington; and Lord G. H. Cavendish's bay horse, by Jupiter, 5 yrs old. Apr. 1798
Lord G. H. Cavendish's bay horse, by Jupiter, dam by Highflyer, out of Phenomenon's grandam—beating Mr. Brereton's King Bladud; and Mr. Hallett's Stickler, 5 yrs old. . Oct. 1798
Mr. Cookson's Diamond, by Highflyer, 6 yrs old—beating Mr. Lade's Grey Pilot, 4 yrs old; Mr. Vernon's Lounger, 4 yrs old; and Lord Darlington's St. George, aged. . . . *Apr. 1799
Sir F. Poole's Worthy, by Pot8o's, 4 yrs old—beating Mr. Durand's Bellissima, 4 yrs old. . . . . Oct. 1799
Sir F. Poole's Worthy, by Pot8o's, 4 yrs old—beating Mr. Turnor's Oscar, 4 yrs old; and Sir F. Standish's Stamford, 5 yrs old . . . . Apr. 1800

* March, 1799, by an order from the Right Hon. the Earl of Westmoreland, Master of the Horse, the sum of 100gs. given by his Majesty, and which had hitherto been run for by horses, &c. carrying 12st. were not to be limited to such for the future, but were to extend to the following ages; viz. At Newmarket, in April, by four-year olds, (rising five) carrying 11st.; by five-year olds, (rising six) 11st. 9lb.; by six-year olds and aged, 12st.—At Newmarket in October, by four-year olds, carrying 10st. 4lb.; five-year olds, 11st. 6lb.; six-year olds, 12st.; and aged horses, &c. 12st. 2lb.

Sir

Sir F. Poole's Worthy, by Pot8o's, 5 yrs old—beating Sir C. Bunbury's Sorcerer, 4 yrs old; Mr. Adams's Humbug, 4 yrs old; and Mr. Golding's Boaster, 5 yrs old........Oct. 1800

Sir F. Poole's Worthy, by Pot8o's, 5 yrs old—beating Sir C. Bunbury's Sorcerer, 4 yrs old; and Mr. Golding's bay colt, by Sir Peter, out of Bragger's dam, 4 yrs old. Worthy and Sorcerer ran a dead heat, but running over again, the next heat was won by Worthy..................Apr. 1801

Lord Sackville's Dick Andrews, by Joe Andrews, 4 yrs old—beating Mr. Ladbroke's Mystery, 4 yrs old; and Mr. Heathcote's Ambo, 4 yrs old ....Oct. 1801

Mr. Lord's Lignum-Vitæ, by Walnut, 4 yrs old—beating Sir H. T. Vane's Cockfighter, 5 yrs old; Lord Sackville's Warter, aged; and Mr. Coventry's Voltimond, aged ..May, 1802

Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old—beating Sir F. Standish's Sister to Gouty, 4 yrs old; Mr. C. Norton's Anniseed, 5 yrs old; Lord Sackville's Warter, aged; Mr. Lockley's Hospitality, 4 yrs old; and Mr. Wardell's Malta, 4 yrs old ....Oct. 1802

Lord Sackville's Dick Andrews, by Joe Andrews, 5 yrs old—beating Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor, 4 yrs old; Lord Grosvenor's Squire Teazle, 4 yrs old; and Mr. Jones's Orange-Flower, 4 yrs old....................................Apr. 1803

Sir H. Williamson's Walton, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old—beating Sir C. Bunbury's Orlando, 4 yrs old; and Mr. O'Hara's Allegranti, 6 yrs old ....Oct. 1803

Sir H. Williamson's Walton, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old—beating Sir F. Standish's Duxbury, 4 yrs old; and Mr. Howorth's Slapbang, aged....................................Apr. 1804

Duke of Grafton's Parasol, by Pot8o's, 4 yrs old—beating Mr. C. Norton's Sir Harry Dimsdale, 4 yrs old; and Sir H. Williamson's Walton, 5 yrs old ....Oct. 1804

Sir H. Williamson's Walton, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old—walked over ....Apr. 1805

Duke of Grafton's Parasol, by Pot8o's, 5 yrs old, walked over. . Oct. 1805

Mr. Mellish's Czar Peter, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old—beating Mr. Ladbroke's Prospero, 4 yrs old; and Lord Sackville's Witchcraft, 4 yrs old. Czar Peter and Prospero ran a dead heat, but running over again, the next heat was won by Czar Peter: two finer heats were never seen ......Apr. 1806

Mr. D. Radcliffe's Barbarossa, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old—beating Mr. Andrew's Fathom, 4 yrs old; and Major Pigott's Ptarmigan, 4 yrs old..............................Oct. 1806

Mr. Fermor's Hippomenes, by Pegasus, 4 yrs old—beating Mr. Shakespear's Brainworm, 5 yrs old; Lord Wilton's Bucephalus, 4 yrs old; Mr. Wilson's Confederate, 4 years old; and Lord Rous's Quiz, aged ....Apr. 1807

Mr. Wyndham's Canopus, by Gohanna, 4 yrs old—beating the Duke of Grafton's Parasol, aged; and Lord G. H. Cavendish's Thumper, 4 yrs old.....................Oct. 1807

Mr.

Mr. Sitwell's Taurus, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old—walked over .. Apr. 1808
Mr. Wyndham's Election, by Gohanna, 4 years old—beating the Duke of Rutland's Rambler, 4 yrs old; and Mr. Lake's Snug, 5 yrs old............................Oct. 1808

MALTON COURSING MEETING.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

THE first day of the assemblage of the members, had the first meeting of the Confederated Fox-hounds, after being shut up by storms and snow for nearly a month past. They had but indifferent sport from the nature of the weather.

TUESDAY—The first coursing day on the Duggleby Grounds, had 14 or 15 matches of greyhounds run up.

Major Topham, in four matches with Major Bower, won three of them. Mr. Best, with Major Bower, in the same number, won the whole four.—The courses, in general, were long and severe ones, though the hares were killed.

Five matches were forfeited by Mr. Mellish to Major Topham.

WEDNESDAY—The foxhounds met at Grimston village: the day very rainy. Three foxes were found; but the runs were only from one cover to an adjoining one.

The *Pigeon Match*, appointed for this day's shooting, was shot for by two gentlemen only.

Major Bower, out of 7 killed 3.

Mr. Acklom, out of 7 killed 2 only within distance, but hit 4.

Sir Francis Boynton forfeited.

Mr. H. Boynton forfeited.

Mr. Treacher forfeited.

Mr. James Croft forfeited.

Numerous spectators attended the match, which took place near Grimston village.

THURSDAY—As the day of the greatest attraction, being the day of the PRIZE CUP, had the following dogs named for it, and which was decided as under:

Mr. Best's b. d. Snowdrop, got by Old Snowball............ 1
Mr. Acklom's b. dog, Ormond, got by ditto.............. 2
Major Topham's white dog, Snake.................. 3
Major Bower's dog, Hornet.... 4

In this course, Mr. Best's Snowdrop distinguished himself as much as formerly, and won the Cup for the third time and last, as his owner declared he should not ever start him again. The first and second dogs were the only remains of the original and genuine breed by the sire and the dam.

Major Topham's Derbyshire Galliard, at nine years old, in winning a very long course against a very capital greyhound bitch of Mr. Ridley's, showed his powers as formerly.

Mr. Ridley won two matches out of three against Mr. Best.

Major Topham's Valiant (a whelp) ran a very fine course with the dog that won five matches the last February Meeting, and beat him.

Thirteen matches were run in the course of the day, and most of the hares killed, as the dogs ran uncommonly well and strong.

The sport on this day was uncommonly fine; and the only regret was, that Sir Thomas Slingsby,

by, who has ever been a distinguished supporter of the Malton Meeting, was not sufficiently recovered from his accident of a broken leg at the last Meeting, to attend the present one.

LETTERS ON FOX-HUNTING DISTRICTS.

IN no part of the kingdom is fox-hunting carried on with greater spirit than in Yorkshire; and to avoid disputes, it is necessary that the extent and limits of the country in which each establishment hunts should be accurately known. The following letters to the Printer of the *York Herald*, will not only convey to our readers in that part of the country the intelligence they require, but likewise furnish an idea of the condescension and politeness of the writers.

" *Bilham-House, Tuesday, Feb. 7. 1809.*

" SIR,

" Having read an advertisement in your much-esteemed Paper, the day before yesterday, relative to my hunting the Badsworth country, which I must suppose to have been copied from the Globe newspaper, I seize the earliest moment to contradict, in as publicly a manner as I am able, the report, —' That my Hounds are now hunting the Doncaster country FOR THE LAST TIME, and THAT IN FUTURE they will be confined to the Raby, Catterick, and Boroughbridge countries,' — which I declare to be perfectly erroneous, and contrary to my intention and engagement with the gentlemen of the Badsworth Hunt. I request that you will give this insertion after the days of my hunting next week, as from myself.

" I remain, Sir,

" Your obdt. servant,

" DARLINGTON."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE YORK HERALD.

" *Sir,*

" Finding a report is industriously circulated, that Mr. Watt and Sir M. Masterman Sykes' Hounds are not intended to hunt Howsham, Buttercramb, Sand-Hutton, the Forest, and in short the country to the west of their Kennel, after this season; I take this method of assuring the public, through the medium of your widely-circulated and highly-esteemed Paper, that no such idea was ever entertained by either of those Gentlemen, but that their Hounds will continue to hunt the WHOLE of the country allotted to them, with the exception of Castle Howard Woods, which they were RELUCTANTLY COMPELLED to relinquish last season.

" I remain,

" Your most obedient servant,

" DIGBY LEGARD.

" *Ganton, Feb. 15, 1809.*"

FOX-HOUNDS.

AT the beginning of the present month, the beagles of Mr. G. Osbaldeston had a most extraordinary run. A fox was turned down before them near Wold Newton, Yorkshire, and after running rings for some time, went off for Scarborough, near which place the hounds were so completely knocked up, that he beat them almost in view—for the huntsman could not get

get them a yard further.—A number of riders lost their horses in the Cars, and were seen wading up to their necks to catch them again. It was supposed the fox ran upwards of twenty miles.

The Earl of Scarborough, whose hounds, when Mr. Saville, were in such high repute, has had a famous opportunity of improving their excellence. In addition to his former good country, he has selected the best part of that which was the Duke of Leeds's; and if abundance of game, a princely fortune, a noble enthusiasm, and a well-regulated system, give vigour to the chase, no one can doubt, from the character of his Lordship, but in all these he must eminently excel. His Grace of Leeds, from "pouring all his speed into the rapid game," has now retired, to enjoy his "triumph o'er the timid hare:" the turf seems at present, however, to come more immediately under his Grace's department; he has already entered upon that career with every flattering prospect of success.

Cambridge, February 15.—On Monday, Mr. Denn's hounds met at Honey-hill, and after trying that without finding, they drew on to Boxworth Springs, in the second of which they found. No fox ever went away more gallantly across the open to Knapwell Grove, but being there unfortunately headed by one of the blue-coated gentry, he retraced his former ground, when, owing to the storminess of the weather, he was soon lost.—They then went to Elsworth Wood, and immediately the hounds were thrown in away broke reynard in the finest style possible, over the open, through Swansley Grove, right away for Bourne, turned short to the right and tried Caxton earths, found those stopped, and leaving Caxton town, made past Bourne right away for Stowe Wood, through that and Kingston Wood, to Coombe-Grove, on to Lord Hardwicke's Park at Wimpole, where, scorning the earths, he broke away through Cobb's Wood, for Eversdon, when horses, hounds, and men, were all so completely knocked up, that the huntsman, considering his great distance from the kennel, thought best to give up the pursuit. No hounds ever behaved better, or were more deserving of their fox. The whole run was an entire burst of one hour and twenty minutes, over the deepest country imaginable. There was a numerous field of sportsmen out, but not above three or four, who got a good start, rode fairly to the hounds; and to many it was probably a fortunate circumstance, for, in a chase like this,

"Non omnia possumus omnes."

On Tuesday, the 31st of January, the Rev. Mr. Davers's hounds unkennelled a fox at Stanstead Wood, Suffolk, when, after a very severe chase of three hours and ten minutes, in which he was repeatedly headed back, he took refuge in Sir Harry Parker's cellar at Melford, where the huntsman took him from behind a cask of old stingo, and gave him to the hounds. Of one hundred horsemen in the field when he broke cover, not more than forty were in at the death.

Sir Harry treated the gentlemen present with that degree of hospitality, so truly becoming the dignity of an English Baronet.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

EXTRACT from the examination of Mrs. Clarke, in the House of Commons :—

Attorney Gen.— Who brought the last message from the Duke of York ?—*Mrs. Clarke.* A particular friend of the Duke of York.

Q. What is his name?—A. Taylor, a shoemaker, in Bond-street—*(a laugh).*

Q. Was it a verbal answer you received, or by letter ?—A. It was a verbal one, either in Taylor's own language, or the Duke's ; I don't know which.

Q. By whom did you send your message for a few hundreds ?—A. By my pen.

Q. By whom did you send your letter ? — By this *Ambassador of Morocco !*

THE *lively device* upon Mrs. Clarke's seal, which tickled the fancy of the *gallant* Colonel MacMahon, was a *worn-out jack-ass,* mounted by a Cupid, prodding the sides of the animal with his arrow, and the following motto, *Tels sont mes Sujets*—" Such are my subjects."

AN old woman, driving a couple of asses in the street, a few days ago, was accosted by an impudent fellow thus—" Adieu ! *Mother of Asses* :" to which she calmly replied, " Adieu, *my Son !*"

IN the late papers, we read of Mr. *Well-beloved* having preached a sermon, Mr. *Goodfellow* subscribing to a public charity, and Mr. *Bellringer* and Miss *Whiteleg* entering the holy pale of matrimony.

ON THE DECEASE OF A WATCH-MAKER IN SHREWSBURY.

THY Movements, ISAAC, kept in play,
Thy Wheels of Life felt no decay,
For fifty years at least ;
Till, by some sudden, secret stroke,
The Balance, or the Main-Spring broke,
And all thy Movements ceas'd."

IN a trial on a division of lands, before a certain facetious Judge, the Counsel on both sides set forth their limitations ; one of them pleaded, " My Lord, we lie on this side ;" and the other said, " My Lord, we lie on that side."—" Nay, then," said the Judge, " if you *lie* on both sides, I'll *believe* neither of you !"

A PARSIMONIOUS gentleman having given *five shillings* for a charitable purpose, one of his friends jocularly said, " It will immortalise you !"—Another, standing by, instantly added, " If so, then it may with great propriety be called a *crown* of immortality !"

MODERN Story-telling.—" Ah ! poor Ned ; he was a droll feller—I'll tell you a good joke of his.—You knew Ned, I dare say ; a stout little man—wore his own hair : zounds ! you must recollect him, or you can recollect nothing ; a fine feller in his way ; his wife kept the Rummer, and a pretty woman she was—but that's neither here nor there. I say, I had been to

to enquire after my sixteenth; I forget the number, but that's nothing; but I remember they told me it was drawn a blank the third day. I dare to say I looked a little queerish; Ned saw it directly.—"How d'ye do?" *said he*.—"Pretty well," *said I*.—"I doubt that," *said he*.—"What right have you to dispute my word?" *said I*.—"I *ax* pardon," *said he*, and was going away, but *howsomever*, I did not like to quarrel with him about nothing, d'ye see; so up and told him all about it; upon which, shaking me by the hand in his hearty way—'Never mind it,' *said he*, '*Worse luck now, the better next time*.'—Ha! ha! ha!—Gentlemen, my sarvice to you."

Another specimen.—"I remember the circumstance as well as if it happened but yesterday, and it is now fourteen years since. I was first shipwrecked in the Bay of Biscay. The wind box'd about to all parts of the compass, and the night was as black as my hat; I seized the remains of the long-boat, and floated fourteen days without sustenance. On the fifteenth, the back fin of a monstrous whale drove me bump on shore, on the highest part of the rock of Gibraltar; and I alighted in the garrison exactly at ten minutes before two o'clock, P. M. to the great surprise of every soldier on duty.—I was taken up as a spy, and confined in the state prison, but as good luck would have it, I made my escape by removing an iron bar four feet square, and descended from the battlements to the sea-beach, two hundred and fifty-eight yards perpendicular, by means of a small rope. I left Gibraltar in a fishing smack, and was soon after taken by an Algerine pirate, and set on shore on a desart coast in Africa, where I was attacked by two prodigious lions, one in the front and the other in the rear.—With a resolute spring, I actually leaped from between them thirty yards, and the animals killed each other on the spot by the mere force of the blow, on coming together in contact!—These are not a quarter of my adventures. But the best of it all is, here I am, notwithstanding my wonderful difficulties, safe and sound in Old England!"

Two persons walking down Fleet-street on a rainy morning, met a man coming out of a house with a newspaper just printed.—The title was visible, and one said to the other, "That man has got 'The Day' in his hand."—"Then I am sure," replied his friend, "that it is *a wet Day*."

A *slip-slop* Colonel having sent for an architect to construct a mausoleum, the artist civilly demanded, "What *order* he would prefer?" to which the military hero replied, "Why my *own order*, to be sure: egad, I shall have to *pay for it*."

A circumstance has occurred in the neighbourhood of a large town in Hampshire, which has occasioned much amusing conversation. A young lady, 23 years of age, who will inherit great property at her father's death, was recently by him discovered to be pregnant; and on the enraged parent's demanding who had been her seducer, she, to his utter astonishment, replied it was her maid Harriet. On Harriet's being called before him an explanation took place, when it appeared the young lady, during a visit last June at a friend's

friend's house near town, became acquainted with a handsome youth, who was shop-lad at a circulating library, of whom she became enamoured, and a secret marriage was the consequence; but fearing her father's anger at such an unequal match (the youth being poor), and the idea of being obliged to part with him, gave birth to the following stratagem. The youth assumed the female habit, and accompanied his fair bride to her father's house, where he has till within this fortnight figured away as her maid. The old Gentleman, however, is now reconciled to the loving couple, and Harry (alias Harriet) is as happy as beauty and money can make him!

A WATERMAN, in order to procure a little more than his fare from a Quaker, whom he had wafted from Westminster to Blackfriars, hoped his worship would consider that the tide, and a very high wind, had made it a very hard row. — "Friend," replied Broadbrim, "if the wind is raised by Providence, there is no need that *I should raise the wind also.*"

ENCOUNTER of American Wits.--Mr. Macon, in the House of Representatives, in one of his sallies of wit, in discussing the propriety of postponing the immediate consideration of the Bill to enforce the Embargo, observed, that the Embargo, this time twelvemonths, was considered by some, who have since discovered her imperfections, as a most beautiful and accomplished damsel, and wanted nothing but somebody to introduce her, to be wooed by every gentleman—now she has all at once grown ugly and deformed.

Mr. Sloane observed, that as the allusion of the gentleman might be intended to apply to him, he would tell the gentleman, that it very often happened, that young virgins commenced their career of fashionable gaiety and dissipation, perfectly pure and chaste, and afterwards turned out to be filthy harlots.—That was the case with the Embargo.

Mr. Livermore humorously remarked, that, for his part, he knew the young lady a prostitute from his first acquaintance with her, so that he had not been disappointed or deceived in the character which she now passed for.

Mr. Macon replied, that he did not mean to insinuate that Mr. Sloane had indulged any improper commerce with her, since she became this filthy harlot; and as the gentleman from Massachusetts admitted, that he *knew* her to be a prostitute, from his acquaintance with her, he could not think of accusing him of any intercourse.—*(Baltimore Federal Republican.)*

A STROLLING player, of indifferent character, having offered himself as a candidate for the stock of a Country Manager, was asked if he was well acquainted with the *stage-trick?*— "O yes," replied the votary of Thespis, "for I have just trick'd a STAGE-*coachman* out of his *fare.*"

EPIGRAM.

TO Will, who late had lost his wife,
The cross-grain'd partner of his life,
Jack, like "true friend in need," appears,
And bids him dry grief's fruitless tears:
"For know," he cries, "'tis all in vain,
You ne'er can fetch her back again."
Says Will, with countenance most sad,
"I always *weep,* when I am *glad!*"

WREST-

WRESTLING FOR A WIFE.

AMONG the northern Indians, violence is not committed on the female herself, but upon her husband, or present possessor.—Any man who has chosen to cast his eyes upon an Indian woman, has only to challenge the husband to a wrestling match, in which, if he be victorious, she is immediately transferred to him. She herself, destitute of all power over her own destiny, stands by, at once the spectator and prize of the contest. Seldom a day passed (says a traveller in that country) that some challenges of this nature were not given or accepted, and one woman is mentioned, who was lost and won by ten husbands in the course of an evening.

There is no limitation as to the number of wives which any man may possess; he takes as many as he has strength to lay hold of, and food to maintain. One man, in the manner above described, had accumulated eight wives, and was on the point of wrestling for the ninth, till one of the former observing, "that he had enough already," he desisted, at the same time rewarding the advice with a furious beating. In the choice of these partners, the qualities chiefly considered are those of bodily strength, and capacity of enduring fatigue.—Beauty of person, though not wholly disregarded, is but a subordinate consideration. As to mental qualities, they are not expected, nor are the women wished to display any, except those of docility and obedience; and even these are very little valued, since blows are always at hand, the copious application of which soon places them on a level in this particular.

RUNNING FOR A WIFE.

The following is an account of the method of deciding on a marriage between young persons in Lapland. "It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without her parents' or friends' consent; wherefore, if one bear affection for a young maid, upon the breaking thereof to her friends, the fashion is, that a day is appointed for their friends to meet to behold the two young parties run a race for her.—The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid outrun her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man again to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin hath an affection for him, though at first running hard, to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she cometh to the mark, or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own will; and this is the cause that in this poor country the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other's lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness."

THE DEFIANCE CLUB.

A Third Club of Whips is about to be formed, partly of new hands, and partly of the members who were lately *permitted to retire* from the *Buxton* and *Peyton* associations. The Gentleman who is

J. Ward R.A. pinx.t H.R. Cook sculp.

The Liboya seizing a Tyger.

Published Jan.y 31. 1809, by J. Wheble Warwick Square.

is setting on foot this club (not the leader above alluded to), is not only a whip himself, but is likewise a man of science; he designs and executes many of the improvements in the *new-fangled* machines, with their *rumble-tumbles*, and *forte piano* accompaniments: the latter are actually applied to the reins, from the command each finger has upon their bradoons, territs, and other *keys*. The number of members to be admitted is not yet determined upon; nor are their own regulations yet adjusted. The bugle, we hear, is to be substituted for the common horn. Since the establishment of these clubs, the Yorkshire drab cloths are all the *rage* for great coats, among not only members and non-effective ones, but likewise with every fashionable lounger in the Bond-street promenade. White silk shag waistcoats are *all the go!*

LORD RANELAGH VERSUS SMITH.

FOR SENDING A CHALLENGE.

Tried in the Court of King's Bench, Westminster, Feb. 20.

THIS was an indictment against Major Smith, for challenging Lord Ranelagh to fight a duel. It appeared that his Lordship, on the 21st of August last, was riding through the King's Road, near Fulham, with his groom behind him, when the defendant overtook them in his gig, and striking the groom's horse, d—d him for a rascal, and bade him get out of the way. Lord Ranelagh rode after Major Smith, and demanded of him a reason for striking his groom? Major Smith said his Lordship was a liar and a rascal for saying he had struck him. Lord Ranelagh then demanded his name? When Major Smith asked him if he took him for a cockney on a Sunday excursion? Major Smith added, "Know, Sir, that I am a gentleman, and an officer on duty." Lord Ranelagh said his conduct was neither that of a gentleman nor an officer, and again insisted upon knowing his name. Major Smith repeated the words liar and rascal, upon which the prosecutor said, you are speaking, Sir, to Lord Ranelagh. The Major then said, you know my wife, Mrs. Smith, of Richmond, the daughter of Lord Mountgarrat. His Lordship replied, "I am sorry her husband should have so misconducted himself." Some further controversy ensued, in which Major Smith challenged his Lordship to meet him in two hours. Lord Ranelagh said he should not meet him in that way, but when they did meet he had no doubt Major Smith would lower his tone. The next meeting took place at Marlborough-street Police Office, where Major Smith treated his Lordship's application with much contempt, observing, that he thought they were to have settled their differences in a very different way. He added, that he had mentioned two hours, that no impediments might be thrown in their way by the females. In short, he acknowledged the challenge.

Lord Ellenborough said, the defendant had acknowledged the challenge, and from a review of the case the Jury would find all the provocation one way. The reason, his Lordship said, which the defendant had given for wishing the affair terminated in two hours, was a very *Christian-like* one; and as to his being mistaken for a cockney,

ney, driving a gig on a Sunday, there was little apprehension that could be the case, as a cockney would not have so misconducted himself.

The Jury found the defendant *Guilty*.

The groom indicted the defendant for the assault, and was also found *Guilty*.

A DUEL.

A duel was fought, last month, at Eversley Hutch, near Wendover, Bucks, between a Mr. Maten, of Eversley, and a Lieutenant Dawson, in consequence of an unlucky altercation between the parties at a ball in the neighbourhood, on the preceding evening. It was understood, that some propositions were made to a female relative of Mr. Maten's, by the Lieutenant, tending to cause a great deal of anxiety and disturbance in the family, if such had not been overheard. The parties fired and missed, and on firing a second time both were wounded, the Lieutenant dangerously in the hip, and his adversary in the pistol shoulder. The duelists, who were, previous to this meeting, good friends, were conducted away in one carriage.

A DUEL PREVENTED IN IRELAND.

A singular *fracas* occurred lately in Dublin, which occupied the Courts of Chancery and King's Bench most part of two days, nor was it then terminated. In the course of the argument in the Court of Chancery, in the cause of Hobs *v.* Rowe, some observations made by the Solicitor General gave offence to Mr. Richard Rowe, a Barrister, and son of the defendant, a gentleman of large fortune in the county of Wexford. Mr. R. Rowe, after the hearing, went to the house of the Solicitor General with a horsewhip, but the latter was not at home. From Mr. Rowe's language and gestures, however, it is understood that he meant to inflict personal chastisement upon the Solicitor, or to provoke him to fight a duel. These circumstances being stated to the Lord Chancellor, on the part of the Solicitor, by Mr. Plunket, Mr. Rowe was committed for a contempt, and sent into the Court of King's Bench, where he was bound over, himself in 5000l. and his two sureties in 1,000l. each, to keep the peace.

MAGISTRATES FIGHTING A DUEL.

At the Public-office, Bishops' Fee, Leicester, the end of last month, some words arose between two of the Justices upon the bench, during the examination of a pauper, which ultimately produced a challenge; the parties met upon Leicester race-course in the afternoon, attended by their seconds and another gentleman, who, after the discharge of a shot each, interfered and amicably adjusted the matter.—Although this affair was conducted on the strict principle of *gentlemanly etiquette*, and was honourable to the personal courage of the parties, it reflects no credit upon the Magistrate. If the guardians of the peace *break the peace*, and offend against the laws they are sworn to protect, the *official* situation would be more worthily filled by gentlemen of a more *peaceable* disposition!

FATAL DUEL IN SURREY.

On Thursday, the 2d instant, a meeting took place between Captain Williams and Lieutenant Robinson, in consequence of a dispute which

which had arisen in regard of a lady lately under the Captain's protection, when Captain W. received a shot in the side, which on Friday terminated his existence. The deceased was connected with several families of respectability in South Wales. He was wounded in America during the late war, and was on the eve of returning to that country when this unfortunate affair occurred.

LIEUT.-COL. WHEATLEY, AND THE CONSTABLE.

A Law Case, tried in the Court of King's Bench, Feb. 21.

Goodes *v.* Wheatley, Esq.

THIS was an action for assault and false imprisonment, in which the plaintiff had been nonsuited on a former occasion, on account of a flaw in the declaration. The plaintiff is a constable of the parish of St. Martin's, and the defendant a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Guards. The assault and false imprisonment were proved by the following witnesses:—

——— Pubison, a brother constable of the plaintiff's, was on duty with the plaintiff at St. James's Palace, on the King's birth-day, 1807. He saw three gentlemen, one of whom was identified to be the plaintiff, standing in the gateway, and occupying nearly a third of it. They were not in regimentals. He whom the witness supposed to be the defendant, was dressed in a blue coat, leather breeches, and whole boots, and there was nothing about him to denote his military character. The plaintiff had not spoken to the defendant five minutes, before the witness heard the defendant say, "Take this fellow to the guard-room." The witness then went up with his staff, and asked what the plaintiff had done? upon which the defendant said, "Don't ask any impertinent questions, or I'll send you there too." The witness then told the High Constable what had happened. The plaintiff was taken away by two soldiers, one of whom said he received orders from an officer in regimentals to take him to the guard-room, and confine him by order of the Commanding Officer.

Captain Duff was on duty that day. The defendant paraded; but Colonel Griffith marched to the Palace. The witness saw the defendant in coloured clothes, but was not near enough to hear the altercation between him and the plaintiff. There was nothing about the defendant to mark that he was a military man. The witness told the plaintiff the defendant was Colonel Wheatley, and commanded the whole guard. The plaintiff was very insolent, and told the defendant to go about his business. The defendant said, "let the man be taken away by my orders:" and the witness repeated, "Take him away by orders of the Commanding Officer." He was accordingly taken away by two or three grenadiers. The defendant was in front of the soldiers, and the plaintiff between him and them. Upon his cross-examination, the witness added that the plaintiff said he did not care who the defendant was.

Mr Attorney-General spoke in mitigation of damages; and Lord Ellenborough, in summing up the evidence, commented upon the impropriety of the defendant's conduct, on being out of regimentals on such an occasion.—Verdict for the plaintiff—*Damages, 60l.*

NEW POST-HORSE ACT.

THIS Act took place from and after the 31st Jan. 1809, from which time all persons letting horses to hire are to take out a license:—Persons who keep carriages to hire are to have their christian and surname, with their place of residence, and the number of every carriage, (to correspond with the number kept, varying the same as occasion may require,) painted on the outside pannel of each door, in colours varying most from the ground on which they are painted; each letter to be at least one inch, and each figure $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch in length, and of proportionate breadth. Persons neglecting so to mark their carriages, or inscribing false or fictitious names thereon, to forfeit 10l.

A weekly account to be kept, of horses hired out, the distance they are to go, the colour and number of the carriage, the name of the driver and of the place to which going, and the amount of the duty payable; or, if going out for less than 28 days, the day of the month and week; for every omission in the above list, a penalty of 10l.—For persons licensed to let saddle horses omitting to enter each letting, 40s.; and unlicensed persons letting horses to hire, 10l. and double the amount of the duty.

One moiety of the penalties to the King, and the other, with costs, to the informer.

DESCRIPTION OF THE INTERIOR PARTS OF GUINEA.

From 'Lind on Diseases of Hot Climates.'

SOME idea may be formed of the rude state of the interior parts of Guinea in general, from the account of a factory, related to me by a medical gentleman, who accompanied the first detachment of British troops which were sent to take possession of it.

On their arrival they found a small fort, built on an eminence, at a winding of the river; the country on both sides of the river was low, and covered with thick woods, except for a space of half a mile round the fort; and on one side it was inhabited by Blacks, on the other by Arabs, who, during the dry season, wandered thither with their flocks for pasturage. Here all nature seemed to be at enmity with man. They were prevented from walking in the woods by tigers, who were so daring, as often at night to attempt scaling the walls of the fort; and if, by going armed or in small parties, they should escape these, yet they were exposed to the bites of venomous serpents of different kinds, and many of a most extraordinary size: the shores of the river swarmed with crocodiles: the earth had its white ants, the air its wild bees, its sand-flies, and its mosquitoes. These insects, though not the most tremendous, were, perhaps, their most distressing enemies. The ants devoured almost every article either of provision or apparel; scarce any precaution could elude their art; they raised a hollow cylinder of earth perpendicularly towards their object, and through it, as by a ladder, ascended in thousands: they were one of the greatest torments to the sick of that climate, and would reach the bed in a night's time, though hung at a distance from the ground; when their bites, like scalding water poured upon the skin, were more intolerable than the disease itself. The sand-flies and

and mosquitoes were exceeding numerous, and would have been esteemed severe plagues, had not one yet more severe occurred, the wild bees, who swarmed in such numbers as to darken the air, and often hived in their rooms. Once or twice in a summer they were visited by a swarm of locusts, who came from the East like a thick cloud, and ate up every thing that was green; but this was only a temporary inconvenience, as in eight or ten days the earth was clothed with a new verdure, and the trees put forth new leaves.

The whole animal creation here attained an unusual degree of perfection. Droves of elephants, and ostriches of a large size, frequently came down to the fort: the baboons were so numerous, that they made them their principal amusement; they clothed them with the regimentals of the soldiers who died, they made them walk erect, by tying their two fore feet behind them, and in some respects even made them serve them in their houses.

The sultry heat of the weather was almost intolerable, even the night could not be deemed cool; and, when the wind came from the desart, it scorched like a blast from the mouth of an oven. Annually the country was subject to an inundation of the river, from the heavy rains which fall periodically in that climate: these continued for several months, and laid the country for a great extent under water; when the little fort, defended by its high wall, appeared like a small island in the midst of the sea. This was the season of sickness, and it swept off nearly one half their number; during it, the slightest irregularity or intemperance was productive of death; a company would one night meet and be merry, and the next, be the greatest part of them in their graves.

The expectation of being relieved at the end of a twelvemonth made the wretched life supportable; but unfortunately next season the mortality was so great amongst the soldiers sent from Senegal to relieve them, that not above three or four reached the fort alive, the rest died on their passage up the river. It was therefore impossible for the poor remains of the former garrison to quit it, and they were obliged to drag out in it another year, yet more tedious than the former; when the very few who remained alive were sent back to Senegal with ruined constitutions.

Some miners were since sent to this place from England, in order to instruct the natives in a proper method of working their gold mines; but were all cut off, partly by the natives, but mostly by the climate.

FABLE OF ISENGRIN, THE WOLF.

THIS Wolf, says Odo of Ceriton, to expiate his sins, became a Monk. His brethren endeavoured to teach him his letters, that he might say *Pater Noster*; but all they were able to get from him was *Lamb! Lamb!* They told him to look up to the *Cross*, but could never make him turn his eyes from the *Sheep*.—In like manner do the Monks cry out for good wine, and fix their eyes on dainty viands and full trenchers; hence the English proverb, "Though the wolf come to the priest, and be set

set to his book to learn Psalms, yet is one of his eyes turned towards the wood."

To conclude—the Wolf being dead, the lion assembled the rest of the beasts, to celebrate his obsequies. The hare carried the holy water, and the hedge-hogs the wax tapers; the goats tolled the bells; the badger dug the grave; the fox carried the coffin: Berengarius, the bear, celebrated mass; the ox read the Gospels, and the ass the Epistles. Isengrin being duly buried, the beasts partook of a splendid repast, the expence of which was defrayed out of the property of the deceased. The parties wished for nothing better than a similar ceremony.

So, says the moral, on the death of any rich usurer, the Abbots assemble all the *beasts* of the Monastery; for in general the black and white monks are really brutes, that is, lions in pride; foxes in cunning; hogs in gluttony; goats in lechery; asses in sloth; and hares in cowardice.

TURKISH JUSTICE UPON A HORSE-STEALER.

(From Macgill's Travels in Turkey.)

A Cotton factor, overtaken by sleep, tied his horse to a tree, and laid under the shade to indulge himself in a nap. When he awoke, his horse, and the riches he carried him, were gone. Application was made to the Prince, (Karasmin Oglu) then at no great distance from the spot where the theft was committed. He severely reproved the factor, for sleeping in an exposed situation when he might have gone into a coffee-house. The factor's answer pleased the Prince—'Who (said he) would be afraid to sleep where Karasman Oglu governs?' He was ordered back to the tree under which he had taken his nap, to lodge for another night. In the morning, when he awoke, he found, to his astonishment, a man hanging upon the tree, and his horse and his property in the state he had left them when he went to sleep the first time.

YORK COCKINGS.

THE Long Main of Cocks between Sir F. Boynton, Bart. (Thompson, feeder) and H. F. Mellish, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder) was fought the beginning of the month, at the Grand Pit without Bootham Bar.

No fight on Wednesday, being the day appointed for a General Fast.

STATEMENT OF EACH DAY'S SPORT.

	THOMPSON. M.	B.	GILLIVER. M.	B.
Monday	1	2	5	1
Tuesday	3	1	3	2
Thursday, 1st in-go	3	2	3	1
——— 2d ditto	3	1	3	2
Friday	4	1	3	2
Saturday	1	1	6	2
Total	15	8	23	10

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

LORD Erskine has given notice of his intention, early in the present Session of Parliament, to present a bill for more effectually preventing wanton cruelty to animals; a practice, the suppression of which is equally called for by public morals and the law of God.

A BILL of indictment is preparing to be preferred at the Middlesex Sessions, against a person for winning more at one time at play than 10l. under an old Act of Parliament.

ON Wednesday, the 1st instant, a mare poney, not more than twelve hands high, broken-winded, and carrying a middle-sized person, performed a journey of 70 miles in eleven hours and ten minutes, being fifty minutes within the time allowed by its master, and by which he was a gainer of 70s. ! ! The author of this breach of humanity did not profit much, however, from the extraordinary exertions of this little animal; having arrived at the place allotted, it fell down and expired in a few minutes.

ON Thursday, the 9th instant, a match for 50gs. was run in Exton Park, Rutland, between Mr. Allsop's horse Trafalgar (rode by Mr. J. Flintham), and Mr. Annesley's horse Sturdy (rode by himself), one-mile heat; which was won easily by Mr. Allsop's Trafalgar.—A silver cup, value 20gs. given by Mr. Annesly (to be rode by the owners), was also run for as follows:—

Mr. Hubbard's Cavalry-Jack	1	1
Mr. Orme's b. h. Wishful, by Sir Peter	4	2
Mr. Christian's Off-She-Goes	2	3
Mr. Broker's Lilliput	3	4
Mr. John Gillson's br. h. Haymaker	5	fell

ON the 23d of January last, as Thomas Jefferson, gamekeeper to the Countess Dowager of Ormond and Ossory, for the manors of Hipswell and Hudswell, in Yorkshire, was ranging the manors in pursuit of poachers, he fell in with a notable poacher, a shopkeeper of Richmond, and endeavoured to prevent him from killing the game, by riding on horseback before him, and springing the game. The well-known poacher immediately fired his gun at the gamekeeper, who narrowly escaped, being only shot through the hat, when he was obliged to fly for his safety, and leave the offender to range the manors at his leisure.

ON Tuesday, the 31st of January, Thomas Jefferson, of Aldwork, in the North-Riding, was summoned before one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, for destroying hares in the snow; but though the facts appeared clear, yet as there were not two witnesses, (a precaution in this case which should always be taken) the Magistrate thought proper to discharge him, though much against his inclination.

LORD Blaney met with a very unfortunate accident lately, during a severe

a severe fox-chase, with the celebrated little pack belonging to Mr. Lees. His Lordship's horse, on leaping a wall, fell upon him, and it is apprehended fractured three of his ribs. He lies dangerously ill at Castle-Blaney, Ireland.

Fox-Hunting.—The Dunmow Meeting, during the week from the 14th to the 18th instant, was fully attended, and Major Cook's hounds displayed most excellent sport.—On the Tuesday, there was one of the best runs ever seen in Essex. The hounds found in Rew-wood. After a run of one hour and fifteen minutes, without a check, over the finest part of the Roothings, they killed handsomely, in Mr. Bramston's Park, Skreens.—It is supposed the hounds ran twenty-five miles, at least. On the Monday subsequent they found at Norwood, and after running in and out of cover for one hour and twenty minutes, they went away over the Roothings, when, after a burst of forty minutes, they killed near Leading Roothing. On Wednesday, they had a hunting run of two hours, and killed in fine style.

Extraordinary Fox-Hunt in the Isle of Thanet.—Early this month, a bag fox was turned out on Woodchurch Hill, near Margate, before twelve couple of the Sarr Harriers, which run from thence to Potices Farm and to Manstone Wood, heading back by Thorn Hill, and by Sevenscore and by Wheatherless Hill; crossing the River Stour by the right, round Richborough Castle to Each End; by Each, to Ringleton-hill, to Ash over the workhouse wall, heading back a second time to Ringleton-hill, down through Old Wood, and from thence to Grove Wood, and to Crixhall Rough into Goodnestone Park; from thence to Dean Park, round the house, and through Broome wood, through Knowland Shaves, and through Pinner's woods, to St. Alban's; heading across to Ileden, through the park upon Barham Downs, near the mill; turning to the right by Black Robin's, and on the Downs a second time near the stand, and by the left over the water through Bourne, up Bourne-hill, where he was killed, after a run of three hours and a half, in the best style ever witnessed by harriers; but of fourteen horsemen, only seven were in at the death.

Saturday, the 4th instant, died, at Halton, Cheshire, in the 60th year of his age, Mr. William Ledget, formerly of Rock Savage farm, from which he had retired with a genteel competency, acquired by exemplary industry. He was remarkably fond of hunting, in which he occasionally indulged with a spirit that attracted the notice, and obtained him the respect, of the leading gentlemen of the hunt. One of the best fox covers in that quarter of the country was in the immediate vicinage of his farm, and so desirous was he that it should not be disturbed but by the pack, that even the slightest molestation of the haunt, by the most intimate of his neighbouring friends, was an offence to him hardly to be forgiven.

On Saturday, the 4th instant, at seven o'clock in the morning, Lieutenant T. D. Jones, and Lieutenant E. T. Downman, of the Royal Artillery, started from the Artillery Barracks, Brompton, for a wager of twenty-five guineas, to walk to Sittingbourne, and back again. Lieutenant Downman beat his antagonist by a few seconds only,

ly, having performed the journey in something less than four hours, and came in quite fresh. Considerable bets were depending, which heightened the interest of the match, and considerably increased the ardour of the contest.

The Court of King's Bench has granted a rule for a new trial in the cause Hooper *v.* Hanham, Bart. which was an action tried at the last Assizes for the county of Dorset, brought by the plaintiff against the defendant as the executor of his father, and wherein the plaintiff obtained a verdict of 87*l.* 10s. for the keep of an old mare.

Gluttony.—A few days since, a flint-digger, on the new Brighton road, undertook, for a trifling wager, to devour 4lbs. of beef and a sixpenny loaf, and to wash all down with two quarts of beer, within half an hour; and this task he actually completed in ten minutes and three seconds, little more than a third of the time allowed!

On Sunday morning, the 26th ult. a pitched battle was fought in a field, near the back of the White Lead Mills, near Ball's Pond, Islington, for ten guineas a side, between two young men of the names of Charles Dover, a bricklayer, and William Shaw, a smith. They set to at seven o'clock—bets were for the first ten rounds in favour of Shaw, after which Dover repeatedly knocked down his antagonist, when two to one were in favour of the former. The contest lasted one hour and fourteen minutes, in which there were seventy-two rounds, when Shaw was so much beaten and exhausted, that victory was declared in favour of Dover, who was also very much bruised. A vast concourse of spectators assembled on the occasion, when they were conveyed to their homes by their respective friends, in two hackney coaches.

Jem Belcher is matched against Dutch Sam, and young Belcher against Cropley. Sam is matched for 500 guineas, and he is two stone and a half lighter than Belcher. The two Belchers are considerably the favourites.—It is, however, more recently reported, that both matches are off. That between Belcher and Dutch Sam will probably be renewed, as Belcher is ready to fight for a stake of from one to 500 guineas.—Cropley refuses to fight Young Belcher.

A grand match of pigeon-shooting, for fifty guineas a side, took place last month, in a field adjoining Little Brickhill, Bucks, between Mr. Harris, Mr. Miles, and Mr. Baker, against Mr. Welldale, Mr. Spivey, and Mr. Hannell. The parties agreed to shoot at four pigeons each, at the distance of fifteen yards from the trap, to fall within one hundred. Mr. Harris fired first, and missed all his four birds; Mr. Spivey killed his first and second, and missed the third and fourth; Mr. Miles missed all his birds; Mr. Welldale killed his second, and missed the first and third; Mr. Baker killed his second, and missed the first and third; and Mr. Hannell missed his first, and killed his second and third birds. The three latter gentleman fired but three times each, as it was impossible for Mr. Harris's party either to win or tie.—After this match was decided, the parties agreed to shoot at two pigeons each, for 25 guineas a side, when Mr. Harris killed both his birds; Mr. Spivey killed his first, and missed his second; and Mr. Miles, Mr.

Welldale,

Welldale, Mr. Baker, and Mr. Hannell, missed all their birds. This match was of course won by Mr. Harris's party. From the celebrity of these gentlemen, it was supposed before the commencement that scarcely a bird would escape, indeed very few went off unhurt, but unfortunately fell out of bounds.

The following extraordinary circumstance occurred at Leybourne, near Malling, on Thursday, the 26th ultimo. A boy in the service of Mr. W. Newman, miller, at Leybourne, went into a field of his master's, called the Forty Acres, and saw a number of rooks on the ground, very close together. He made a noise to drive them away, but they did not appear alarmed; he threw snow-balls at them to make them rise, but they still remained. Surprised at this apparent indifference, he went in among them, and actually took up 27 rooks; he also picked up, in several parts of the same field, 93 larks, a pheasant, and a buzzard hawk. The cause of the inactivity of the birds was a thing of rare occurrence in this climate; a heavy rain fell on the Thursday afternoon, which, freezing as it came down, so completely glazed over the bodies of the birds, that they were fettered in a coat of ice, and completely deprived of the power of motion. Several of the larks were dead, having perished from the intenseness of the cold. The buzzard hawk being strong, struggled hard for his liberty, broke his icy fetters, and effected his escape.

During the late snow, a person shot a *bennet*, (about the size of a tame duck) near End Foot. Observing the neck to be uncommonly thick, he put his finger into the throat of the bird, and, to his great astonishment, drew out a *smelt*, thirteen inches long, and six inches in circumference!

The Coursing Meeting at Baconhill, Berks, on Friday, the 10th instant, was very well attended, but, owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, few hares were found. The different courses that were run afforded excellent sport.

The use of horse-flesh, as a substitute for butcher's meat, continues at Copenhagen; but the consumption has been less than was expected from the wants of the people. It appears from the official returns, that the number of horses slaughtered in the city, between the 24th of October and the 8th of December, amounted only to 100, and from the 8th of December, to the 27th of January, to no more than 61. The price for January and February was fixed, at 4d. and 5d. per pound, according to the quality.

The latter end of last month, as Mr. Sayers, of Cuckfield, was reloading his fowling piece, which he had just discharged at some birds, the powder, which he was in the act of shaking into his gun, ignited, (supposed from a latent spark, left by the paper waddings in the barrel) and drove the powder flask through his fingers to a considerable height in the air, where the remainder of the powder, nearly half a pound, also took fire, and shattered the flask (which was copper) with a loud explosion, to atoms. Mr. Sayers luckily escaped with no other injury than a slight scratch on his fingers. Accidents similar to the above may be effectually prevented by using pieces of pasteboard, felt, or woollen cloth, instead of soft paper, to charge with.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

LINES,

On seeing Master OSCAR BYRNE'S *admirable Performance of the Chimpanzee, in the interesting Spectacle of 'De la Perouse.'*

YE, who would Care's black troop inurn,
And Nature's genuine impulse learn,
Ah! prithee see young Oscar Byrne
Exhibit the *Chimpanzee!*

Ye, whose cold hearts no feeling know,
Though rescued from the haunts of woe,
See Gratitude's pure current flow
In Oscar Byrne's *Chimpanzee!*

Ye, who with *ennui* pass your days,
Desiring, not deserving praise,
See Goodness laud the flippant ways
Of Oscar Byrne's *Chimpanzee!*

Ye Bond-street beaus, so trimly drest,
Whose feats have common sense distrest,
Go, see a Monkey of request,
In Oscar Byrne's *Chimpanzee!*

P.

THE DELIGHTS OF A RURAL LIFE.

From 'FOWLING,' *a Poem.*

HOW noble is the look of this deep wood,
That rears its lofty crest above the high'st
And proudest domes of man! Here Nature reigns
In simple majesty. O thoughtless man!
That on the wholesome forest turn'st thy back,
And crowd'st in smoky towns; that long'st for life,
Yet thine own life contract'st: with eager foot
That follow'st pleasure, yet, with senseless act,
Beget'st and multipliest thy cares! can wealth
Prolong thy days; can sounding titles soothe
Thy care-worn soul to rest; thy mad pursuit
Of worldly vanities, will it afford
Such lasting joys as the sweet sylvan chase?
But if the world's wide theatre demand
Variety of actors, drop awhile
Thy chosen part, and in the rural scene
Recruit thy frame, and recreate thy mind.
Ah no! the force of early habit cramps
The biass'd soul, nor grants it to enjoy
Impartial Nature's pure and perfect gifts.
O then, deny not to your youthful sons,
Parents of Britain! ev'ry rural sport:
Give them to back the steed, and thro' the chase
To wind their fearless way—to wield the gun
On moor or mountain, or in thorny depth
Of forest intricate; nor less to seek,
'Mid slipp'ry rocks, and hoarse-resounding floods,
The noblest tenants of the stream. Then Health
Shall brace their vig'rous frames, and Cheerfulness,
Health's handmaid, fill their souls with harmless joys.
And oft retiring from life's busy walk,
From glorious toils of war by sea or shore,
Or serious civil cares, or deep pursuit
Commercial, to their native homes awhile;

With what redoubled ardour shall they seek
Their ancient sportive haunts, rejoic'd to think,
Their early years the grateful habit gain'd.
Tremble not, tender mothers, at the toils
Or dangers of the sportsman; early use
And gradual, shall subdue the pow'r of toil,
And strengthen, not impair the youthful frame.
Danger, by prudent knowledge and advice,
Or wise example of some steady friend,
Averted, soon shall dwindle down to nought.
And longer may you see your manly sons
Surround your chair, or, when infirm with age
You need support, that kind support afford,
Than if, in early youth, with ill-judg'd care,
Like-hot-house plants you rear'd your tender race,
Then turn'd it out in the pestif'rous town,
To seek amusement at the swelt'ring ball,
Or breathe in theatres infectious air.
Nor shall so soon insidious Vice corrupt
The stripling, on his rustic sport intent,
As the gay idler, in whose listless mind,
The busy fiend Temptation gains with ease
A ready entrance, and a fix'd abode.
Thanks to th' indulgent stars that, far remov'd
From the loud din of the wild jarring world,
Its misnamed pleasures and its real cares,
In the sequester'd vale, 'midst woods and streams,
And rocky mountains, plac'd my happy lot,
At equal distance from the worldling's state,
Or solitary hermit's; free to taste
The truest blessings of society,
And its worst evils haply to escape.
And blest those early habits, that impress'd
My youthful mind, and taught me to adore
The charms of Nature, and the sylvan toil.
No tedious hours hang heavy on my hands;
Nor dreading e'er the fiercest Summer's sun,
Nor shrinking from the Winter's keenest blast,
Listless I doze the weary hours away;
But exercise, improv'd by the keen sport
That fills and agitates my eager mind,
With healthful joys beguiles the fleeting day.

THE PARSON AND THE NOSE.

'TWAS on a shining Summer's day,
As stories quite old-fashion'd say,
A sleepy set of sinners
To church agreed that they would go,
Their zealous piety to shew,
When they had ate their dinners.

Scarce had the parson ta'en his text,
When he felt most confounded vext
To see his neighbours nod;
Proceeding with religious lore,
He quickly heard the sleepers snore,
Forgetting him and God.

When, lo! descending from his seat,
The Parson, full of holy heat,
At losing thus his labour,
Tweak'd one's stout nose, then graceful bow'd,
And said, "Good Sir, *you snore so loud,*
I fear you'll wake your neighbour!"

J. M. L.

THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

In Imitation of certain fashionable Poetry.

BY the side of a soft running stream
An elderly gentleman sat,
On the top of his head was a wig,
On the top of his wig was a hat.

The wind it blew hard, it blew cold,
It blew his hat into the stream;
He sat on the bank and he sigh'd,
And he tried his lost hat to redeem.

He labour'd to pull it ashore—
While mourning his sorrowful fate,
Another gale took off his wig,
Which swam away after his hat.

His bald head expos'd to the wind,
All wild and despairing he stood
He mutter'd a few angry words,
And then threw his stick in the flood.

He

He folded his arms, and he groan'd;
He smote his sad breast in dismay,
To the river with anguish he turn'd,
While his hat, wig, and stick, swam away!

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF MAN AND WIFE.

Spoken by Mr. Matthews.

AS Plays increase, to strike out something *new*,
What, in the name of wit, can Authors do?
For ages past they've cull'd from nature's store,
And drawn the self-same features, o'er and o'er.—
Many, 'tis true, have nature's paths forsaken,
Drawn apes for beaux, and wags for wits mistaken;
Strange fools and coxcombs they have plac'd in view,
Yet copied life, and made the picture true!

But Man and Wife!—I fear you'll all exclaim,
Can any novelty be found in them?
For if the bard should sketch them gay and free,
Obliging, kind, as Man and Wife *should be*—
You all, methinks, would cavil at each feature,
And say—the thing was *new*—but out of nature;
And should he make them live like *dog* and *cat*,
Alack-the-day! there's nothing new in that!

Still, all these pictures of domestic strife
Vary, according to the rank in life.
Wond'rous the diff'rence 'twixt the wedded pair
Of Broad St. Giles's and St. James's Square!
The high-bred pair once wed, are *one*, and therefore
Are *two* directly, without *why* or *wherefore!*
He at the clubs the fatal elbow shakes,
Returns at sun-rise, and at sunset wakes;
While *she*, at routs, the *war* of elbows dares,
Half-squeez'd to death—delightful—on the stairs;
But what cares she for squeezing, who displays
The iron fence of Mrs. Bailey's stays??
He desperate games—she braves the desperate throngs,
Here rattle dice—*there*—louder—rattle tongues—
Separate in tastes, pursuits, and in expence—
Alike in nothing—save indifference—
Till separate *interests*, separate claims advance,
And end, too oft, in separate maintenance!
Quarrels in lower life, 'twixt John and Joan,
By very diff'rent characters are known!
His is the weaker side in wordy strife,
For *talking*'s still the charter of the *wife!*
But John has argument to *strike* her *dumb*—
'Tis in a stick—the thickness of his thumb!
Such as his *right*, did once a grave Judge name,
And when did *John* forget his *rights* to claim?
But soft—our bard to-night has drawn from life,
An intermediate kind of Man and Wife!
And in that title, 'twill, perhaps, appear,
That something more is meant—than meets the ear!

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Spoken by Mrs. Jordan.

WHAT is an Author like, on that dread night,
When his first Five-Act Play is brought to light?
Why, like a culprit, trembling in his shoes,
There, at the bar he stands, and frets, and stews:
Anxious he lists, to hear how vastly well
His *Counsel's* (Mrs. Jordan's) speeches *tell!*
Tho' loudest plaudits he can scarcely hear,
The slightest sibilation *stuns* his ear!
An Author's *ear!*—'Tis wondrous at a hiss
How very delicate that organ is!
A hiss!—what does he then look like?—Gadzooks
Yout ca'nt conceive how like a *fool* he looks!

Critics—

Critics—his judges—faith he don't like them—
He dreads their caustic cough, and damning *hem!*
The *jury*—you—and here in judgment sit,
Nature *(upper gallery)* — Sense *(pit)*— Learning *(boxes)*——Humour *(lower gallery)*— Taste *(boxes)* —and Wit *(pit)*.
Freedom, Mirth, Honour, Justice, Truth, are here,
And Candour's honest foreman every where!
He's quite content, good folks—while such shall throng ye.
He doesn't mean to *challenge* one among ye!

Then what's an Author like?—there's no denial—
He's like—to have a fair—an English trial!
Approv'd—he may be like the soil that pays
The fost'ring hand that tries the germ to raise:—
Condemn'd— he's like — he's like— gad, who can say
What the man's like, if you should damn his play?
In short—if you to-night condemn his pen,
He's like—Oh no!—he's *never* like to write again!

And now—as brevity's the soul of wit we know,
You all—most likely—would like me to go!

SUDBURY COTTAGE,

The Seat of Lord Northwick, near Harrow on the Hill.

HAIL, Harrow!* retreat of the Muses and Peace,
Wherein heat unobstructed the breezes abound,
And the eye roves with rapture o'er folds of white fleece,
On hillocks with verdure incessantly crown'd;
From thy summit descending thro' tall beachen groves,
In Spring let me seek yon delectable spot,
Where NORTHWICK (all gentleness) constantly roves
Thro' grounds bright as Tempè round Sudbury Cot.

Tho' no lofty turrets in parallels rise,
Tho' no ancient grandeur around to be traced,
The veil of simplicity sweetly supplies
All the beauties that wait upon rational taste;
Slopes chequer'd by fancy, lawns bright to the gaze,
Nor in Summer is yellow Pomona forgot,
And while tawny Autumn his prism displays,
He scatters its splendour round Sudbury Cot.

Within, the kind owner spreads plenty and ease,
Nor pride nor a haughty demeanor appals,
Arts, labour, and science, contribute to please,
And the chaste tints of Titian† embellish the walls;
Still more to give fleeting existence a grace,
Health teaches Content to exult in her lot,
While the gay rouge of Nature spreads o'er ev'ry face,
That welcomes the Bard to sweet Sudbury Cot.

T. N.

EPITAPH ON AN EPICURE.

BENEATH this rank luxuriant sod
A votary of pleasure lies,
Who, somewhat doubtful of his God,
Secur'd on earth his Paradise.

* The School remarkable for having produced as many great men for the service of the State as any other seminary of learning in the kingdom.

† Besides many valuable pictures, his Lordship has a sublime Titian, in the highest preservation.